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BELOW THE SURFACE

By Major-General Fendall Currie

BARRISTER-AT-LAW LATE COMMISSIONER IN OUDH
AUTHOR OF "INDIAN LAW EXAMINATION
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"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow.
He who would search for pearls, must dive below"
DRYDEN

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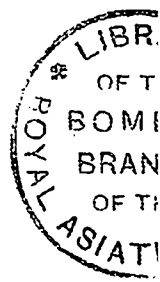

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Chapter I

A DAY'S WORK

"In India a man is judged by his worst output, and another man takes all the credit of his best as a rule."—*Kipling's Plain Tales.*

FORTY years' experience in India, daily intercourse with the people, and an intimate acquaintance with the Courts of India necessarily brings one in contact with scenes and phases of Indian life, the record of which may not be altogether devoid of interest to those who have not been in the East. The people's thoughts are as far apart from ours "as is the sunset from the morning dawn." As a writer, looking on the comic side, has said: "Even in small things we are antipodes! Whatever an Englishman will do standing, a native will do sitting. The former beckons by moving his finger upwards, the latter by pawing the air downwards. We chirrup to a

horse to make it go, a native chirrups to it to make it stop. When an Englishman has been using an umbrella, he rests it against the wall, handle upwards; but a native puts it handle downwards. If we wish to put a thing down, we do so on the nearest table; a native, if undisturbed, puts a thing down on the ground. We write from left to right, the Hindoo from right to left; the leaves of our books turn to the left, theirs to the right. In civilized places the shepherd drives his sheep before him; in India he makes one of the flock, or goes in front. Even the birds are contrary to Western nature: the robins of England wear red on their breasts, in India they wear red under their tails." An able critic, approaching the subject from another side, expresses the same idea as follows: "The great working power for union in the West is religion; religion in India perpetuates division. We are taught by our faith to look on all men as brethren; the Hindu religion denies the brotherhood of men. In most Western religious systems the priest is one of the people, set apart as the servant or agent of a Higher Power to do His work among men on earth; in India the Brahman is a *separate creation*, and is looked on as a God

on earth. In the West, woman is the equal of man; in the East, woman is a chattel without a soul, she is a degraded being, and the Hindu religion encourages this degradation. In England we consider that society is for men; the natives consider the reverse, that men are for society. Thus, society is not as in England made up of a number of separate individual men and women, but is rather the unit, of which the men and women who compose it are fragments. In England most things are done by private enterprise, and the Government carries out the will of the people; in India this is reversed, everything is left to the State, and the people carry out what it wills." Still, this people, so difficult to understand, are well worthy of study and the best we can give of ourselves in their service, always remembering that they "think from right to left."

How did India strike so acute an observer as Mark Twain? "There is only one India," he says. "Its marvels are its own, the patents cannot be infringed, imitations are not possible. There is the plague: India invented it; India is the cradle of that mighty birth. The Car of Juggernath was India's invention. So was Suttee. Famine is its speciality. India has

two million gods, and worships them all. In religions, all other countries are paupers; India is the only millionaire. With her everything is on a grand scale. Even her poverty, no other country can show anything to compare with it. It takes eighty nations speaking eighty languages to people her, and they number three hundred millions. On the top of all this, she is the mother and home of that wonder of wonders, *Caste*, and that mystery of mysteries, the Satanic Brotherhood of Thugs."

The life of an Indian official in an Indian District is somewhat varied, for an official so situated, of the time of which I write, was not only a Collector of Revenue, and Judge of Rent cases, but had also to dispose of Civil, Criminal, Probate and Divorce cases, and was, at the same time, the head of the Police and Jail Administration, as well as of the Excise and Customs of his District, and had to administer not only the principles of common law, equity, and Indian statutory law, but Hindu and Mahomedan law as well, and, in not a few instances, the unwritten customary law of his province. It is to be feared that the home public hardly appreciate the diffi-

culties to be grappled with in the application of Western methods to vast areas, peopled by highly conservative races, of different creeds, in different stages of development. And the misfortune of it! men who have visited India for three months in the cold weather pose as authorities on all Indian subjects, and write books, clever no doubt, but sketchy, superficial, and inaccurate; considering the short time in which this knowledge is acquired, and the generalizations in which they indulge, it is hardly surprising that their mistakes are numerous. To the Indian official, work furnishing so many varied problems for solution, and the diversity of subjects to be dealt with, lend an ever-present interest to the daily routine. Perhaps what I am trying to show, can be best illustrated by briefly detailing the work one is called upon to perform in the course of an ordinary day, in an average specimen District. Take then, by way of introduction to the reminiscences I wish to recall, and the individual cases I propose to reproduce, the diary of a single "day's work."

"Called at 5 a.m. Rode out five miles to inquire into a village boundary dispute. On the way home visited the jail to carry out the

sentence on three dacoits sentenced to be hanged; attended a meeting of the Municipal Committee, got back about 8.30, and found the morning post had just arrived. The contents of this morning's bag were as follows:—

"One letter from the Secretary to Government calling for a collection of mosquitoes and other flies that bite men or animals, with a view to determine the possible connection of malaria with mosquitoes. Four letters from the Accountant-General wanting explanation regarding certain minor discrepancies in the Treasury accounts, and asking for a report on the number of sweepers over thirty years' service, and what was 11-15ths of their average salary for the past three years. Three letters from the Board of Revenue stating the view of the Members in Charge on several important points in Revenue Assessment, and Court of Wards management, and asking for opinions on same. Six covers from the Commissioner of the Division returning bills sent for countersignature, decisions in certain rent appeals, and reports called for on Income Tax and Excise returns. Four reports from the District Superintendent of Police asking for orders on certain cow-killing riots, attempts at bribing the police in a murder case,

also regarding an arson case in which the landholder's agent was implicated. Two letters from the Inspector-General of Police asking for a return of serviceable and non-serviceable belts, and the proportion of Punjab Pathans in the Police Force of the district. Three letters from the Executive Engineer regarding sites for Government buildings. Estimates for certain bridges, and a report on a breach in a dam near the river bank. Two dockets from the Civil Surgeon asking for funds for enlargement of the dissecting-room at the Dispensary, and pointing out that the roof of the dead-house in the Hospital Enclosure required repairs. Two letters from the Inspector-General of Schools regarding lists of candidates for the next Middle Class Examination. Three letters from the Manager Court of Wards regarding the debts of one estate, the release of another, and taking charge of a third. Two letters from the Inspector-General of Jails, the first dealing with steps to be taken to provide intermural labour in the 'lock-up,' and the other asking for a classified list of all prisoners, and statistics as to the amount of vegetable and animal food given to each adult labouring prisoner. One letter from the Government bacteriologist

directing the cleansing of village wells by pouring a certain quantity of Condy's Fluid into them. One letter from the Secretary of the Committee International Exhibition asking for reports on minerals, manufactures, arts, and trades of the district, together with as many specimens as were procurable."

If you will only take the trouble to procure the contents of a single day's post for any District in India, you will find that this is no fanciful made-up list here detailed.

It took about two and a half hours to open, skim the contents of these half-hundred letters, and pass on each a written order to the proper clerk, with initials and dates. Then there was just time for a hasty bath and meal, so as to reach office by 11.30. The first matter to be tackled was the hearing of petitions, some fifty in all, thirty on the Criminal side, and twenty Revenue and miscellaneous. Next came the police reports, and making over of cases to subordinate magistrates for trial. Then there were magisterial reports of various kinds for orders, reports from the police on cases sent to them for inquiry, said reports hotly contested by voluble pleaders. Petitions regarding lost or confiscated property, cattle pounds,

ferries, and seizure of illicit salt by the Customs Department.

About 2.30 p.m. I managed to get on with original case work, finished trying a murder case and commenced the trial of a riot case. When you consider the facility with which false evidence can be procured, and the unscrupulousness with which false charges are trumped up, the task of administering justice on such evidence, given in a foreign tongue, is no easy one.

At 5 o'clock took up, heard, and disposed of three appeals from subordinate native magistrates—here, too, one is surrounded with difficulties, for I have personally known a subordinate magistrate, who took bribes from both sides, decide in favour of the party who paid the highest, and to appease the other side wrote a judgment which could not hold water on appeal—and kept the money paid by both!

Later on, half an hour was spent in signing or initialling all the orders, letters, reports, and statements which had been passed, written, drafted, and prepared during the day, and it was past 6 p.m. before home was reached. But the day's work was by no means finished, for, on arrival at home, one found three or four

office boxes full of letters faired out for signature, and files of correspondence put up with letters, which have to be disposed of before bedtime, so that they may be ready for office early next morning. Even in India the day does not consist of more than twenty-four hours, so to get through his work the official can afford, on an average, three minutes to every ordinary subject brought before him, and ten minutes to decide any important or difficult question, excluding, of course, his case work. The above is some of the business of an ordinary working day. I have, during such a day's work, received a letter about 1 p.m. from one of the residents of the station, saying his child had died that morning, his wife was prostrate with grief, and he himself in bed with high fever, asking me to come over at once, arrange to have a coffin made up by the local carpenter, and bury the child the same evening. On my return home from this mournful mission, I found a letter awaiting me from another resident, saying his infant son was dangerously ill, and I must come over at once and baptise the child. Frequently I have had letters that the writer's ayah had absconded, would I have her arrested and sent back to her

mistress. On one occasion a lady said her native wet-nurse had gone off suddenly, and her baby was starving. She did not ask me to capture and send back this absconding wet-nurse, but wanted me to send her a she-donkey, as she understood that ass's milk was the nearest approach to the child's natural food! More than once I have been requisitioned as marriage registrar, to occupy my brief leisure between hearing cases, rushing to committees, explaining "something the Commissioner didn't know," or "the Government didn't understand," in tying the nuptial bond. Occasionally the district officer has to start famine relief, or draw out and carry through a waterworks scheme, or assess a licence tax, or organize a town council, or inaugurate a new municipality; and sometimes he has to remonstrate against Government red tape. Take the following instance: I remember once a public sale of casters from the Cavalry and Artillery at Lucknow. At one of these sales, one of the unfortunate horses was knocked down for four annas (about fourpence), just the value of a maund of grass, when such an article is paid for. The purchaser was a butcher. The butcher cut up the old trooper that had

honestly served Government for over ten years, and sold his flesh to Kanjurs at a pice a seer. The only consolation that the Government could derive out of this affair was that a poor diseased animal, that in his day had done good work, fulfilled even in his death the "great idea" of feeding almost gratis a lazy, wandering, begging class of gypsies. I had up these hippophagous gypsies, and they said "they were ignorant there had been a sale of casters, ignorant that Government sold their old animals to butchers for four annas, ignorant that the horse had been eaten, ignorant that it was horseflesh they had bought." So I reported the matter to the military authorities, suggesting that there should be some rules made for the destruction of diseased, old, useless troopers, but was politely informed that red tape regulations as to the public sale of casters must be carried out.

Surely I was not wrong in saying that a district officer's duties in the balmy East, owing to their infinite variety, can seldom, if ever, become monotonous. They are performed in exile from home and home surroundings; in the majority of instances, far removed from

public opinion, maybe in solitude; at certain seasons, in a climate akin to a Turkish bath, and always surrounded by bribed, blackmail-extorting underlings that one cannot trust. At times the district officer is made to feel the truth of Kipling's cynical estimate, that "in India a man is judged by his worst output, and another man (probably a secretary picnicing at the hills, under the deodars) takes all the credit of his best as a rule." Still, notwithstanding that a low rate of exchange, a growing family in England to provide for, fevers, cobras, and cholera more or less engage his leisure moments, he does his work honestly—get the credit for it who may—he never fails his superiors, which is fortunate for his superiors; for we know on good authority "that native help has strict limitations." If asked to make a collection of malaria propagating mosquitoes for the Museum at Paugulpore, for the benefit of ages yet unborn, and to report on the localities from whence these mosquitoes were obtained, or to write a note on the native methods of adulterating cow-dung-fuel cakes, he does his level best to satisfy this thirst for information. All the high officials, from a Secretary of State to a

Lieutenant-Governor, say, "the district officer is the backbone of the Administration," and straightway, instead of giving him the chance to learn all about his district, and gain by personal intercourse the confidence of the people, they keep him tied to his desk writing voluminous reports which nobody ever reads, and compiling returns and statistics three-fourths of which are of the most hopeless inutility. Reports! Returns!! Statistics!!! for the weeding out of which, as a matter of routine, extra establishments have to be annually employed. If only some "Bara Lat Sahib" would smash up secretariat cliques; do away with the frequent transfers of heads of districts; banish to the limbo of oblivion *unnecessary* report writing, and give the district officer time and opportunity to maintain a close touch with native sentiment and thought, he would greatly strengthen "the backbone of the Administration," at the same time reduce the D.P.W. Budget for Record Rooms, and be able to dispense with half the printing establishment.

Personal influence is what the Government of India stand in need of to-day. This is a subject alone on which a chapter

might be written. It is asserted in some quarters that the men of the present day have not the same sympathy with the natives that the former generations had. This kind of comparison, like "the poor" we always have with us—this is not peculiar to India or the Civil Service. Everywhere either the past is lauded and the present belittled or *vice versâ*. It all depends on the critic's temperament or digestion. This question of "sympathy" between the rulers and the ruled in India appears to have been a peg in the past as well as in the present for exaggerated self-complacent sermons. I am fairly acquainted with Sleeman's writings, have read Bishop Heber's Journal, and looked up Malcolm's Instructions for information and guidance, and the conclusion forced on me is that the present generation, living under a fiercer light of public opinion, is undoubtedly leading a purer life on the whole, and that courtesy towards natives, so far from having deteriorated, has distinctly improved. The district officer of to-day knows a deal more about his district than the district officer of the older time could possibly know, naturally, because the former has far greater means of knowing. Forty years ago it was impossible

to know more than what the native subordinates cared to divulge; now facility of communication has increased, thereby increasing one's means of information. A spirit of independence is springing up amongst the natives that had no existence a generation or two ago. If there be any apparent want of sympathy, the fault lies, not with the men, but the system. I knew and served with the older generation, and have passed a quarter of a century or more associated with the latter. Times have changed, the conditions of life half a century ago and now are widely different. In former times England was far away, the hills difficult of approach; now England and the hills are within easy reach. Centralization has overwhelmed the individual; hence loss of personal influence. Departments have increased, as also the tale of daily work. The district officer of to-day is the bond-slave of many masters. The bacteriologist wants him to go about pouring Condy's Fluid down village wells; he is a wholesale brewer, and has to look after the gauging of liquors, marking of casks, and corking of bottles; he has to dry nurse district boards and municipal committees, to collect calves for lymph, and hunt up natives to be

vaccinated, and to undertake the reformation of criminal tribes. Often as not, oftener than not, he has to run a district in all its departments without any European assistant, and sometimes he has to make a periodical land settlement at the same time into the bargain; he is the compiler of statistics, the solver of difficult acrostics, the writer of voluminous reports, and is never left long enough in one stay to get to know the people or to gain their confidence. The days of patriarchal life are extinct as the dodo; the free, unfettered life of the old district officer is a dream of the past.

Owing to the introduction of the telegraph, railways, and the spread of education, the old so-called personal government cannot exist in these days; but to say that the present-day official has less sympathy towards the people under his charge than his predecessor had is to say that which is not true. Speaking from lengthened experience, I can assert that I have known the district officer of to-day, not only under exceptional circumstances, not only in times of emergency, not only in the time of famine, or the day of pestilence, or the hour of disease, but in his daily humdrum life of exile

in out-districts, far removed from public opinion, for conscience' sake and for the sake of the people under his charge, doing heroisms, fidelities, and self-sacrifices far greater than many that find a place in the Government Gazettes. The charge not unfrequently means want of partiality. Give him a fair field and no favour, loose him from his desk-strings, let him remain long enough in his district to learn all about it and gain the confidence of the people, ease him of his report writing, statement compiling, statistic collecting, worry him less and trust him more, the Administration will benefit and the people be more contented.

For years work has been accumulating to such an extent as to preclude the district officer from freely going about the district studying the people under his charge, hearing and learning their wants; he has had instead to go through the drudgery of writing reports, collecting statistics, mastering laws passed one day to be changed the next. Look the matter square in the face, which is the better way: to study the people, gain their confidence, help and advise them, remedy a wrong here, supply a want there, or to sit tied to a desk writing

over and over again, in a dozen different ways, the same thing subordinates have already said in half a dozen different ways, elaborating statistics and drawing out misleading averages? A man who is cursed with what Ali Baba terms "the true paralytic ink flux, a kind of wordy discharge or brain hemorrhage," is a nuisance in the Secretariat; in the district he is a calamity, and yet the Government had been fostering the microbe. Fortunately Lord Curzon has put his foot down on this, as well as the official oligarchy, which had become supreme in every department of public life, and has thereby gained the confidence of district officers and the respect of the natives of the country.

Chapter II

AN INDIAN VILLAGE

"The hot, dry gust of summer's passion
Is gone, as thirst from the drenchen ground;
Long suits of toil are the pleas in fashion,
And peasants' cares to their ploughs are bound."

Pekin.

AN ordinary village is more or less a collection of mud huts, on the walls of which are stuck patches of cow-dung to dry, and near these huts are high, triangular-shaped mounds of dry cow-dung, which are indented on for fuel. On the outskirts of the village is a grove of mango trees; the approach road is a worn, dusty cattle track, which in the rains is more or less a muddy slough. Sometimes this track is fringed with strong upstanding elephant grass, with fine, soft, feathery grey plumes. This grass is used by the villagers for the purpose of thatching. The houses are built of mud, tile or thatch-roofed, an easy prey to fires, accidental and incendiary. The pits from

which this mud has been excavated are used as refuse bins during the hot weather, and are full of slimy green water during the rains. The lands immediately adjoining the village are the best manured, and carry the heaviest crops. The conservancy arrangements are rudimentary, more so even than the Mosaic "dry earth" system, and are carried out by the village sweeper, assisted by pariah dogs, pigs, jackals, and vultures. Sanitary arrangements *nil*. The Indian villager knows nothing about "prevention being better than cure," and when illness seizes him is a fatalist. If the plague appears, and he is advised to modify some of his habits, he says, "What matters it? what can I do? God sent the plague, and God will take it away; though perhaps some civilian will get the credit —and a C.I.E." The reference to the C.I.E. is pardonable; the native knows this order was originally intended for him. No villager has ever been made a C.I.E., and since a knighthood has been added to this Order, Europeans have plumped for it.

In the centre of the village you come across a "one-and-a-half" storied house, built of sun-burnt bricks, with a flat roof more or less cracked, with young pipul trees growing out of

it. This house has a thatch "lean to" verandah on wooden supports, surrounded by a mud-walled courtyard, called the *choupal.* On one side of this verandah reposes an old cane-bottomed palki, covered with dust, the headman's "carriage and four." The other side of the verandah is laid down with straw, where the menservants sleep and keep their pots and pans. Their cooking is done in *chulas,* or small mud fireplaces, erected against the inner wall of this enclosure. This, the most pretentious structure in the village, is the headman's house. The headman of the village, whose serfs the rest of the community are, paying him rent for their fields and dues on their trades or appointments, is the fountain of justice. For his decision are brought to him private quarrels, libels, slanders, caste questions, petty larcenies, and so on. No costly court fees, no laws' delays, no intricate technicalities, no waste of time, no leaving home occupations for a distant Court. Better if there was more "justice within the gate," if its borders could be enlarged. Unfortunately, the tendency in the past has been to curtail rather than expand this patriarchal system. The best way to set about giving freedom to

the masses would be by restoring the old village system—giving each village its own headman as an officer responsible to the State. The inquiry into the above-mentioned cases is held by the headman, aided by a *punchayet*, or jurors, who know all about the people they are dealing with, and whose interest it is to put an end to feud and friction. Their proceedings are public, no hole-and-corner business. The "Court" is held at the village well, or in the shade of the adjoining grove. All who so desire can attend and have their say; there are no rules of evidence—common sense, equity, and good conscience are their guides. I speak generally—of course there are exceptions—I would back the decision of such a Court, on such cases as are brought before it, to be oftener right than the decision in similar cases in our regular Courts, surrounded as these are by law touts, whose fees are paid by the pleader, not the litigant; by bribed *amlah*, who take service more for the pickings they can get than the pay attached to the post; by crowds of hungry middlemen, unscrupulous, rapacious underlings, uneducated, greedy vakils and muktears, whose aim is to throw dust into the eyes of the Court and, for their own ends,

foment litigation as much as possible. Moreover, the "court within the gate" knows nothing about statistics, and does not, like some of our native magistrates, scamp work so as to obtain low "average durations." Surely it should be our object, as far as possible, to give the villagers cheap and speedy justice. Our present machinery of "procedure" is too cumbrous, too costly, too intricate, the freaks and vagaries of the Courts in legal interpretations too perplexing. There is too much law, too little justice. Our legal technicalities ruin thousands, where the common sense and the local knowledge of the punchayet would save nine-tenths of these victims, and tend more to inculcate local self-government than all the municipal committees of Joe Hukms, Apki Ikbals, and Rai Munzoors in the whole of India. An Indian village contains all the elements of self-existence, forms a perfect little commune, is a living entity. The small cluster of mud huts is the inhabited part, all around which is the cultivated or culturable land, or "arable mark"; besides this, there is the waste land or "common mark" for grazing. This last has so decreased that now in many villages there is very little waste land, and practically no grazing.

Now as to the inhabitants. There is the *nao*, or barber, who shaves village heads and armpits, pairs finger-nails and cuts toe-nails, and is the repository of all the village gossip. There is the *lohar*, or blacksmith, with his primitive implements, who makes ploughshares, the *hanswa*, or sickle, with which the crop is cut and suspected female relations' noses cut off; the *kurpa*, with which the grass is scraped, and which is sometimes used with murderous intent against an enemy; and the *ghandasa*, or chopper, intended for cutting chaff and stalks for cattle fodder, but at times utilised for cutting a neighbour's throat. There is the *dhobi*, or washerman, who carries, on diminutive, knocked-kneed ponies or donkeys, the rags and tatters of the village, to be dipped in slimy pools, to be scrubbed with country soap, and beaten on ragged stones—termed washing. There is the *putwari*, or village accountant, his insignia of authority a brass inkstand, in an oblong wooden box containing a knife and some reed pens. He keeps the village accounts, forges receipts, procures false evidence in rent cases, and, when at the District Courts, sells his services as a witness in any case where a practised liar is required. There is

the *chowkydar*, or village watchman—pasi by caste, thief by birth, hence selected to catch thieves and protect the villagers' property. His badge of office, a brass-bound *lathi*, or club, a leather belt, and a chronic irritation of the larynx from sunset to sunrise. His leisure moments, when not perambulating the village making horrible noises, are occupied in assisting neighbouring chowkydars to carry out previously planned burglaries. The chowkydar has a plurality of offices; he is the local birth and death registrar, or "assistant fabricator" of mortuary statistics. There is the *burhai*, or carpenter, who makes plough handles from the babul trees, knocks up a country cart, deals in cart wheels, makes doors for the mud huts, and is "surveyor-in-chief" for the headman's "palace." There are the *cowherds*, who look after the grazing of the village cattle, and sometimes do "a lifting" of their neighbours' cattle on their own account, and, if caught, are taught carpet weaving in the jail. The *kumhar*, or potter, who makes large earthen vessels for storing grain, and smaller ones for household use. He works by mould, by wheel, or by hand, and his profits are small. The *bhurji*, or grain parcher. The *halwai*,

or confectioner, the "Fuller" of the village, only he uses leaves instead of pretty boxes bound with delicate-coloured ribbons, and his *pansipari*, a kind of "Betel Cream Delight," is quite a speciality. The *mochi*, who mends the shoes and makes up skins for oil, sugar, and treacle. The *sunar*, outwardly a silversmith, but really a receiver of stolen goods; his mechanical appliances consist of a few anvils, pincers, scissors, hammer, and a blowpipe. There are (the majority) *the peasant cultivators*, about eighty per cent., who toil through rainless months of scorching wind and glare, through weeks of tropical rains and cold winter days; below these, the landless day labourer, whose occupation is precarious, and when he gets work his remuneration is a handful of grain; and the lowest of all in the social scale, the *koris*, weavers, and *chamars*, the village drudges, who skin the dead cattle and do dirty odd jobs; who, when they want to better themselves, enter the Service as grass cutters in cavalry regiments, and leave their bones on some distant frontier.

The result of an inquiry I once made for Mr. Caird and the Famine Commission totalled out as follows: "Average area of holdings, about

seven acres; seventy per cent. of the cultivators had plough cattle; thirty per cent. had no plough cattle, and either depended on spade labour or, when they could afford it, borrowed the cattle of their neighbours." So you see the system of agriculture is one of *petite culture*. In the middle of the village, under a pipul, tamarind, or banyan tree, stands the village well; round it a broad platform of well-cemented bricks. Here the daily bath is taken by the men, who, naked all save a loin cloth, pour brass pots of water over their bodies, clean their teeth, using for a tooth brush a small twig chewed at one end to loosen the fibres. Here, morning and evening, the old women and young maidens fill their water-pots and retail the village scandal. Once, sometimes twice, a week, the village has a market day; then you see vegetables, grain, cloth, shoes, drugs, condiments, spices, sticks of sugar-cane, trinkets, beads, sealing-wax, bracelets, pewter anklets, skins of oil, sugar, and treacle, sweetmeats, huqqas, and curious little looking-glasses, laid out on grass or fibre mats in the adjoining mango grove. At this weekly fair the villager obtains vegetables, clothes, spices, and other necessaries, for the village

only boasts some two or three so-called, primitive shops, which supply parched grain, oil and tobacco. The villagers' wants are of the very simplest description; as a rule, they derive from their cultivation most of the necessaries of life. Millets and pulses form their chief food supply, with an occasional meal of rice as a luxury. Loud gesticulations, brisk bargainings, and smells various, fill the air at this weekly bazaar. Sometimes in the cold weather you will see a couple of villainous-looking Afghans with cats, hairy dogs, boxes of grapes, apples, walnuts, dried figs, cloth, and warm pushtoo garments, hovering about, trying to do business, and dunning old customers for past goods supplied—Jew-driving, hard bargains do these Afghans make. By the grace of the "Kaiser-i-Hind," the Gracious Queen Empress, and the orders of the head of the district, most villages are blessed with a school—a mud hovel with a thatched roof, where the urchins sit on the floor swaying their little bodies backwards and forwards, monotonously intoning matter out of ill-printed books. The only furniture in the room is a bottomless cane stool, the seat of the master, and a large blackboard, with a piece of chalk attached to it by

a string. Exceedingly precocious are these infants. The parent looks upon the education of his children from a different view to that taken by the Secretary of State; the former has to face unpleasant facts of which the latter is apparently ignorant. To the villager, education is a synonym for starvation. Why? Because, with him, the earnings of his children *are necessary* for the support of the family, and by sending them to school he incurs a loss of thirty per cent. of his income; not, mind you, thirty per cent. of what could otherwise be saved, but thirty per cent. of what is necessary to preserve the family from hunger.

The villager is fond of his children. Maybe he is more careful and kind to his male offspring than his girls; but he loves to have his progeny about him. In the early cold-weather morning, you will see him sitting, his face to the rising sun, his back against the outer mud wall of his hut, the embers of a small fire in front of him, and his infant in his arms. In the day-time, as he ploughs his fields or reaps his crops, you can hear his children's voices hard by in the adjacent mango tope. "It fell on a day that the child went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father,

'My head, my head!' And he said to a lad, 'Carry him to his mother.' And when he had taken him and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died." In her despair, the distracted mother turns to the ignorant village priest; but what can he do? He has not the power of a humble Tishbite to restore the child to life; and so the little one, wrapped in a white sheet, is carried on a charpoy to the river side, and presently the smoke of the pyre rises to heaven. And at night, on the anniversary of that day, you will see, hanging from a branch of a tree in that grove, an inverted broken *ghurra*, or earthen pot, with a lighted oil wick burning in it—a symbol to those ignorant peasants that the little light has not gone out for ever, but is shining somewhere, a kind of "All Souls' festival":

> "They stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
> And gather dust and chaff, and call
> To what they feel is Lord of all."

Ah! the pathos of it all—toil, death, hope!

In the immediate vicinity of the village is a small temple, sacred to one or other of the deities who "hover and swarm" over the East. Alongside is a more or less fragile bamboo pole with a small red flag attached to the top

of it, and within the temple an idol, or visible sign of the Divinity. Doubtless the uneducated Hindu looks to his idol to influence his fate in some mysterious way, but to call him a heathen, bowing to stock and stone, is absurd. The idol to him is merely a visible sign or symbol, a vehicle to carry his thoughts upwards, a means to assist such aspirations as his soul possesses, much the same as his enlightened Western critics look on their outward and visible signs. If, as regards him, his idol be held to be an outward and visible sign of the want of inward and spiritual grace, then how about the loss of time and temper as to the swinging of a censer, or the lighting of a candle, as regards his would-be critics?

Mr. Benett, in his *Oudh Gazetteer*, remarks: "The dogmatic religion of the people is very simple. They believe there is one Supreme Being, who has many distinct aspects and manifestations. They further believe that in his most benignant aspects he has submitted to several incarnations. In its origin, the religion is an anthropomorphised pantheism; the unity of Nature is recognised in the real unity of God, and all the various and seemingly hostile powers of good and evil of which the natural

world is made up are typified in the different persons of the Divinity—a solution of the problem of life which leaves no place for a devil."

Their religion, to an outsider, is entirely ceremonial rather than ethical. Superstitious? Yes; they are an extremely superstitious people. Only the other day, a woman suffering from leprosy was voluntarily buried alive at Rurki by her husband, her son, and some of the neighbours, in the belief that the sacrifice would stay the transmission of the disease by inheritance to the children. If blight attacks their crops, or a storm destroys their mango blossom, or their cattle get disease, or small-pox and cholëra play havoc, it is a spell that has done it, their God is angry, and they deposit flour, or pour libations of water, or place handfuls of rice on the temple threshold; they daub the walls with vermilion, they hang garlands of marigold and jasmine over the lintels of the temple door. In fact, the village temple looks as if there were a perpetual "harvest thanksgiving festival" going on.

Ancient superstitions die hard. Have we no superstitions still here in the West? There was the case of a woman who was confined to

her bed for years because there were hidden in the neighbourhood of her home certain tightly corked bottles containing pins and filthy water. And she only obtained relief when they were found and broken! Again, not so long ago, a farmer believing some animals of his to have been "ill-wished," bled them over a pile of straw, which was then burned, in the hope that the hidden enemy would appear amid the smoke and flame! Why, only the other day, in this year, 1900, there was a case in Somersetshire of two children having been killed by their parents, because they had been "overlooked" by a gypsy, since which time the family had had nothing but trouble and ill-luck. Do not judge the natives too harshly, look a little nearer home, remember that old pagan beliefs are not quite dead even here in England, and that occasions come to light now and again when we have to admit that even the most highly educated of men find themselves acting under the influence of impulses they cannot at all understand.

Superstitious! East, west, north, or south, where is the land that has not at some time teemed with superstitions, wars, and woes? Heathen! Were Manu, the author of the

Hindu Scriptures, and the holy Buddha, whose moral teachings breathe the loftiest aspirations conceived by man, heathens? Their teachings have been prostituted and defiled by uneducated, narrow-minded, bigoted, superstitious, self-seeking priests; but the same misfortune has befallen the teachings of all inspired writers in every age and country. Has there been a creed or religion among men of which this cannot be said?

No, my friendly critic, try and exercise a little more charity, and remember that "the wind bloweth where it listeth, you cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

In this land of creeds and races manifold, trackless forests, broad swift rivers, boundless plains, narrow fields, and mud-built villages, where, "under a brazen sky, fierce winds blow, the pest strikes sudden, and hunger slays"—in the spring, and autumn, and winter, bareheaded and barefooted, the villager drives his fragile plough behind small, lean cattle, the survival of the fittest on nothing to eat, diligently scraping the sandy, clayey soil, struggling with Nature for a bare existence. Often starving amongst ripening fields of wheat, barley, peas, grain, tobacco, poppy, and sugar-

cane in the spring; somewhat better off amongst the rice fields and the maize in the autumn; and shivering over a cow-dung fire in the cold-weather mornings and evenings, his leisure moments occupied with litigation, cholera, fever, and ague. These, and his chronic indebtedness, due more to our revenue system than to all the landlords and money-lenders put together, are his drawbacks; but he has certain compensating pleasures. "In the mysterious temple of dawn he is a priest," and, sitting out at night watching his ripening crops, "he communes with the starry crew—the moon, the night wind, and the dew," while many who regard him as a heathen are indulging in midnight orgies, and commencing the next morning with "a head," or "mouth," or "tongue like a nutmeg-grater." He revels in his bathing fairs; here you see him to most advantage—patient, good-humoured, simply amused. (I have, at the Allahabad fair on the Jumna, the Benares fair on the Ganges, the Ajodhia fair on the Gogra, watched hundreds of thousands, half a million, of men, women, and children at a time, holiday-making. I have been in and out amongst them from morn to eve, and never came

across a single drunken soul.) He delights in the music and song of his marriage feasts, and a pull at his own peculiar "cow-dung tobacco mixture" out of a huqqa or a chillum is to him a never-failing enjoyment. He has his faults, but he has his virtues too. He is good-natured, charitable, gentle, docile, patient, uncomplaining, loyal, submissive to authority, industrious, frugal in his habits, and—yes, however ridiculous it may sound to some—I assert that honesty is a characteristic of the native of Oudh and Northern India generally; he carries a stout heart before the enemy, and in the battle-field is faithful unto death. In Africa, China, Burmah, on the snowy heights of Afghanistan, on the sands of the Soudan desert, on the banks of the Nile, on the distant Gilgit and Chitral mountains, have not he and his brethren given their lives for England? Remember the Bailey Guard, and remember Saragheri! It is the villager, the peasant farmer, who replenishes the Treasury and provides recruits for the army. He is *Arkan-i-daulat*, or "the pillar of the empire."

"Wouldst thou scan
The structure's base, discern the origin
Of all the pomp and pageantry that
Win the envy of the world? Behold the man!"

He is second-cousin to "the plinth of the Administration," the gorait. If the Indian Government wants "to know anything," it asks the Lieutenant-Governor, who asks the Commissioner, who asks the district officer, who asks the tehsildar, who asks the putwari, who asks the chowkydar, who sends his assistant, the gorait, to find out. On this foundation, *the gorait*, is the Administration based, and by the "pillar of the State," the villager, is the Indian Empire maintained. Practically we are handing over this material, as a lever, to Bengali babus, the editors of a seditious Press, the members of the Cow Protection League, and a few handsful of windbags like the Congress—mostly exotics of our creation—with which to upset the Empire, as opportunity offers. You will probably say, "*This is rather far-fetched.*" Is it? Does not the recent history of the Indian Mutiny show us how amongst an ignorant people unreasoning panic may spread like wildfire? Only let us get into a "tight place" of grave political complications, on the top of plague, famine, and general agricultural depression, and what line will "these representatives" take? They will merely apply a match to the gunpowder maga-

zine that we have so considerately made over to them. In subsequent chapters on "The Lokil Sluff Microbe," "The Gaorakshani Sabha," and "A Rustic's Point of View," I have given the reasons for my faith. Do you want a parallel? In 1854 we *forced* independence on the Orange Free State. It was not asked for; it was not welcome—and the result? Our liberality flouted, our influence secretly undermined, our downfall schemed for, our fathers, sons, and brothers slaughtered, treason rampant, expenditure in life and money to regain our supremacy enormous. Representative local self-government is being forced on India, on over three hundred million human beings. It was not asked for, and those acquainted with the country and the people know only too well how unwelcome this so-called privilege is—and the result? Time will show. But the writing is on the wall, and it needs no prophet to interpret it to men labouring amongst the masses in the out-districts, and those who come into daily contact with the people. "I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say." Only recently a great demonstration was held at Lucknow by the leading Mahomedans, "to protest against the Congress

movement, repudiating the assertion that the Congress represented the views of the people, and pointing out the necessity for counteracting by every legitimate and constitutional means the evil results of the discontent and unrest created by a propaganda which, whatever its expressions of lip loyalty, was subversive of the best interests of British rule in India; regretting that large sums of money were wasted in fruitless agitroversy (*sic*)—good word that *agitroversy*, not to be found in the *Times Century Dictionary*—adumbrating political changes for which the country is not prepared, when the energy now wasted could be more profitably employed in advancing the true regeneration of India by being directed *to the internal reform of the social fabric and the material and moral improvement* of the communities composing the population of the Indian Empire." Who says Representative Local Self-Government? The Mahomedans apparently look on this idea "with profound and sad conviction, as engendering discontent and glossing over social evils, as impeding the true moral progress of the country, and creating a daily widening gulf between the different sections of the people." The Mahomedans, who have had the experience

of some five centuries as rulers in India, fully understand that if the rulers of the land loosen their hold, the rulers of castes merely tighten their own grip; hence their decided views on the Congress Movement and the so-called "Representative Local Self-Government" fad. And who will deny that their views are reasonable and sound?

Chapter III

AN INDIAN CITY

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."
Tennyson.

A FEW centuries back, a gentleman of the name of Lachman was given a piece of ground on the banks of the river Gumti to squat on. He built himself a hut, collected his brotherhood around him, and called his estate "Lachmanpur." Ere long the Shekhs bundled him out, and built a fort where Lachmanpur had stood, and named it Kila Likna. In this part of the world things were "humming" during the early part of the seventeenth century, adventurers jostling one another. For a century and a quarter the Mahomedans were trying their hands at doing a Government job on their own account. On the whole, the attempt was not successful, and had we not appeared on the scene the probabilities are the Hindus would have jostled *them* out. The Mahomedan

dynasty was started by "the infamous son of a more infamous pedlar," one Sahdat Khan. Lachman's plot must have been a goodish thing, for Sahdat Khan, too, went for that, took over the Shekhs' fort, Kila Likna, and changed the name to Machi Bhawan, taking for his crest "a fish"—highly appropriate. Considering he left a little pile of nine millions sterling when he was cut up, his crest was a fair symbol of his ways! Ten "beauties" followed him as "monarchs of all they surveyed," all rather, some much worse than the infamous pedlar's son. They made no roads, left rivers to be bridged by private liberality, gave no assistance to commerce, fostered no trade, inaugurated no plan of popular education. They were always on the war-path, and game for any loot that came in their way, did a bit of treachery when opportunity and self-interest dictated it, always tyrannized over their unfortunate subjects, and altogether seem to have had a high old time while it lasted. Still, one or two of them made a bid for a supply of houris in the other world by leaving charitable endowments attached to their mausoleums in this. The Hosseinabad endowment runs to close on forty lacs of rupees, and the Shah

Najaff endowment brings in interest of about 16,000 rupees a year. If the houris aren't forthcoming up there, the halt, the maimed, and the blind clamour for their endowment rupees down here.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, one Saadat Ali Khan, a timid potentate, asked for protection against his own subjects, so Lord Wellesley kindly allowed him a British Resident and British troops to protect him, and thus we got our fingers directly into the Oudh pie. With now and again a curtain lecture from the reigning Governor-General, which was never heeded, matters went on from bad to worse, until Wajid Ali Shah's time. A very much married monarch he, even according to Oriental notions—he beat Solomon's record by about threescore concubines—he might have made the number up to 365, or one for each day of the year. Why stop short at only 360? He squandered his revenues on palaces and gardens for his regiment of wives, and naturally, with such a handful to attend to, he hadn't much time for public business. He was about the most despicable of the bunch that had ruled over this dynasty; he was sunk in effeminacy, and surrounded himself with a

"motley crowd of singers, fiddlers, sorcerers, cock-fighters, negroes, eunuchs, and buffoons." 1856 brought his doom. Oudh was annexed, and Wajid Ali Shah and his harem given a villa on the banks of the Hooghly, on the outskirts of Calcutta. Poor Lord Dalhousie got far more "toko" for obtaining peace, justice, and freedom for some six million down-trodden peasants than ever Gladstone got for sacrificing British interests and a people's liberty at Majuba Hill. Now, for nearly half a century, thanks to Dalhousie, Oudh has been marked red.

It is over forty years since I first saw Lucknow. I had marched over from Cawnpore with some two hundred horses for the Bays, who were then quartered at Dilkusha in the Lucknow Cantonments. It was a fairly exciting march over in those days, as the road was infested with dacoits and marauders of all kinds, and it took us all our time to look after the horses at night and keep an eye on the treasure chest containing the rupees necessary for daily purchases of grain and the syces and grass-cutters' pay. Since then, for thirty-five years, I have had more or less to do with Lucknow—rather more than less. The period between

annexation in 1856 and my first visit in 1859 is recent history. Kaye, Malleson, Gubbins, and others have recorded the doings of one of the greatest of defences in the annals of history; the late Poet Laureate sang of it, and have we not Lady Inglis' interesting and vivid diary of the events of those dark days? The genius of Henry Lawrence, Havelock's brief career of desperate triumph, Outram's self-forgetful gallantry, Aitken's defence of the Bailey Guard Gate, Colin Campbell's generalship. How Kavanagh carried plans and despatches from the Residency to the Alumbagh. The Scotch lassie's intuitive "Dinna ye ken the pipers?" and then the pibroch of the gallant Highlanders breaking on the ears of the relieved garrison. The unparalleled behaviour of those sepoys who stood by us. Are these not household words? This Lucknow is the Indian city of which I would give a brief sketch.

The city lies on the west bank of the river Gumti; at the present time it covers some forty square miles, with a population of about 300,000 of Hindus of all castes, and Sunni and Shiah Mahomedans. Lucknow is the largest city in India outside the Presidency

towns. It is one of the most beautiful and picturesque cities in the world. A luxuriously wooded city, with handsome bridges spanning the river's pretty reaches. A city of fine buildings, broad streets, well-laid-out gardens, shady parks, and large marts. It is still in a transition state, for there are those now living in it who carry with them the memories of the past régime; at the same time, it is feeling the pressure of its impact with Western civilization. A densely populated city, in which meet the extremes of struggling poverty, wasted wealth, and a new order of things; and, as such, ought to be the focus of interest to the student of social and economic problems. It certainly is a place of interest to the cold-weather "globe trotter" and Cook's tourist. It sports a Lieutenant-Governor for some months of every year, and allows the Provincial Legislative Council to meet in its ancient halls—a Council under the obligation to make laws when none are needed, because it must do something to justify its existence. The native members of the Council fully recognise they live in a talking age, and apparently their claim for appointment to their debating club is due to judicial impartiality of mind, enabling them to attain

a fair amount of success in running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. Lucknow has a race-course, and affords in "the Civil Service Cup" at its spring meeting the most interesting racing in India. The stewards are "up to date," having introduced the "starting gate." The bookie flourishes, and the cry, "Ten to one bar one," floats on the crisp, cold-weather air. A meeting which people from all parts of India flock to attend, and for which passages are taken annually in the P. & O. boats by not a few in England. It supplies the best polo to be got in India, has a boat club, and a regiment of volunteers; makes its own ice and soda-water, and boasts some fine paper and printing mills; has an English daily and bi-weekly paper, any number of native papers, and sports a native *Punch*, which is by no means devoid of wit. Here is a sample of its sarcasm: "Philosophers say that as soon as a man begins life he begins to die. How is this? It is thus: as soon as a being is conceived the body begins to develop, and new growths naturally follow. As a new bud replaces a fallen flower, so does an amendment follow an Act. No sooner is a bill passed into law than here and there it rots, and up

springs an amendment. Passed but yesterday and amended to-day. Well, why not? If an Act were passed needing no rescissions or loppings, no cancellation or amendment, what would the Legislative Council have to do? Surely a law without an amendment would be as incomplete as an animal without a tail, because is not an amendment the tail of an Act?" It has the best cricket ground in Northern India, and its "Urdu" is to Asia what Parisian French is to France. In the native portion of the city, alongside our methods of curing the ills of the flesh, two other systems of practising medicine are in vogue—Baids and Hakims. The former (Hindus) profess to follow Suscruta, of whose principles they are entirely ignorant. These Baids are quacks, and do unutterable mischief by their random methods. Hippocrates is the Hakims' prophet. The latter do less harm than the former, not because they are more proficient or less ignorant, but merely because they use vegetable while the former use mineral medicines.

For their amusements, the natives patronize cock-fighting in private; gambling, nautches, singing, and kite-flying in public. Kite-flying is to them what racing and football, rolled into

one, are to the Briton. Skilled flyers are backed with the same interest that we and the Americans back the *Shamrock* and the *Columbia*. They are great on theatrical displays, and the plays are chiefly directed to ridiculing the governing classes—the result of British toleration—such displays would have had short shrift under Saadat Ali Khan & Co. The kings of Oudh lavished their money on local buildings. Ashuf-u-dowlah is responsible for the Bibiakothi, beyond the present cantonments, built for a shooting-box; he also erected the great Imambara as a mausoleum for himself. The central room is the largest in the world. This building, of imperial dimensions, is exclusively of solid masonry, and contains no woodwork of any kind, and cost a million sterling. Ashuf-u-dowlah also built the approach gateway, known as the Romee Darwaza, copied from an archway in Constantinople. Saadat Ali Khan ran up most of the buildings of interest in Lucknow. He built the Dilkhoosha Palace, or "Heart's Delight," for the ladies of his choice. The Hyat Buksh, now the Government House. It was here Hodson breathed his last. The Moti Mahal, or "Pearl Seraglio," for more ladies. Noorbuksh Kothee, which in

after-days was used as a beacon by Havelock, to guide him to the Kaiser Bagh. He also built two handsome tombs, at the entrance to the Kaiser Bagh, for himself and his favourite queen, Moorshed Zadi. The Kuddum Rasool, or a sacred Mahomedan shrine, standing on the summit of a high mound, was built by Ghazi-u-din-Hyder. It is said to contain a stone bearing the footmark of Mahomed. During Sir Colin Campbell's advance this position was strongly held by the rebels. Close by are the Kurshed Munzil and Shah Naazaf, also of Ghazi-u-din-Hyder's time. Near this spot Campbell, Outram, and Havelock met, and it was on the tower of this building that "Bobs Bahadur" ran up the regimental colours of the 2nd Punjab Infantry, just to let Outram in the Residency know how far the relieving force had got. The latter building is the mausoleum of the monarch who built it. Nasuru-deen-Hyder built the "Tara Kothi," or Observatory, now the Bank of Bengal, and the Chhatter Munzil, on the banks of the Gumti, now a club house. Mahomed Ali Shah built the Husainabad Immambara, and he and his mother lie there side by side. The whole block of these buildings is sumptuously furnished, and the tomb is

richly endowed. Opposite these buildings stands a lofty, handsome clock tower built by us. The Sekunder Bagh was built by Wajid Ali Shah for his favourite "first-class" wife, Sekunder Begum, and is memorable for "the race for the breach" by Highlanders, Sikhs, Dogras, and Pathans in 1857, and about the biggest slaughter within the space, in the annals of warfare. He also built the Alumbagh, about four miles out to Lucknow, for another wife. Havelock is buried in the Alumbagh. This position was the base of both Havelock and Colin Campbell's advances on the Residency. Having provided for Sekunder Begum, Wajid Ali Shah ran up the Kaiser Bagh, a square of two-storied buildings, enclosing some acres of garden, which supplied ample accommodation for the whole of his 360 concubines; and, unfortunately, it afforded the strongest position held by the mutineers in 1857, the taking of which cost us many lives. All these buildings are worthy of a visit. Besides these, there is the Martiniere College, built by Claude Martin at the end of the seventeenth century, where the youth of all creeds and colours that call India their home, are clothed, fed, housed, taught, *and examined.*

I saw somewhere the other day a school-boy's reply to the question, "Detail the different parts of the eye?" And the reply was, "The eye consists of three parts—the pupil, the mote, and the beam!" I remember a La Martiniere boy making almost as good an answer to the question, "State what you know about the *Habeas Corpus*?" "The *Habeas Corpus*," he said, "was the ambulance cart that went round the battlefield of Magna Charta to pick up the bodies of the dead!" Then there is the Lal Baraduree, "the Throne Room," "Coronation Hall," and "Durbar Room" of the kings of Oudh, now used as a museum; and that grand old monument of a gallant defence, the "Residency." The Residency, rising aloft amongst battered buildings, covered with coloured creepers and dark foliage, the well-kept grounds bright with oleanders, rose bushes, and many-coloured flowering shrubs; the Bailey Guard Gate, riddled with bullets; and, nestling under the shade of feathery bamboos and cypresses, the last resting-place of those who, in "heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies," fought and died during the investment, are sacred spots, and form the most interesting corner in this City of

Palaces. Beyond the Residency lies the native portion of the city, consisting of some 500 to 600 *mohullas*, or streets, numbers of detached *gunges*, or marts, with intervening gardens and cultivated lands, and mosques and temples innumerable. Standing on an eminence, like the top of the clock tower, this vast city is almost hid amongst trees; in the distance you see the silver line of the Gumti, winding in and out, flowing away past the Martiniere, until lost in the distant horizon. A visit to the native city, a wander down the Chandni Chowk, an examination of the streets, markets, and buildings, a sight of palaces here, hovels there, large tenantless houses on one side, over-crowded dens all round, booths, stalls, sheds, and shanties innumerable; gaudily caparisoned elephants, trotting camels, handsome barouches and high-stepping pairs, outriders on wall-eyed, piebald, pink-nosed horses, broken-down ticca gharries, bullock-carts, palanquins with grunting bearers, blind beggars, the humble ekka jostling each other,—all tend to strike one with the strange admixture of wealth, poverty, and decay. The buildings in many parts of the city are monuments of waste of wealth, under the native régime. Four-fifths of the

owners of these buildings are ekeing out an existence on what they can obtain on the sale of the bricks of their old mansions; and there are thousands of pensioners and retainers of the old Court living in idleness on petty pensions, and as much as they can peculate from old endowments.

Lucknow has some opium dens, hidden away down narrow, tortuous lanes. These dens are little more than sheds, their floors littered with human beings of all ages and both sexes, not exactly drunk or asleep, but almost unconscious, staring with fixed drowsy eyes, as if they were looking at something away and beyond over the head of any spectator, boozily happy, utterly oblivious of their ugly, distorted, coarse, vulgar surroundings. The landlord of this hovel gets some of his opium from the licensed vendors, but smuggles more, and makes a "pile," for the illicit profits in smuggled opium are practically limited only by the risk of detection. It may appear curious, but it is a fact, opium smoking is good for the tobacco trade, because opium smoking induces a larger consumption of tobacco. Lucknow City, with its population of 300,000, consumes over 2,000,000 lbs. of tobacco annually.

There are within the municipal limits of Lucknow some 125 acres under tobacco cultivation.

Do not, from this instance, carry away a wrong impression. It is the abuse of opium, like the abuse of anything else, that is harmful. Those who abuse it are the exceptions, not the rule. The effect of opium, on the average consumer, the most searching inquiry has shown to be beneficial. Think of its value as a soother of pain, of its use as a prophylactic to thousands living in malarious and fever-stricken tracts. Look at the Sikhs and the Rajputs, have they deteriorated in any way by its use? If you only knew how, on many a campaign, opium has enabled the Sikh and the Rajput to bear fatigue and privation; how it has soothed many a sufferer through nights of lingering pain; you would feel it more reasonable to tell the free-born Briton to give up his hop-fields and abolish barley cultivation, rather than tell the native to give up opium. For, after all, drink is more abused, and far more harmful, in England than opium is in India and China put together. Again, apart from the juice, which, to the majority, is a tonic and a preservative, the seeds, which are free from opium, produce oil,

and this oil is largely used in Europe and India. The well-meaning, but ignorant, outcry against opium is, believe me, "a bogie," and this your faddist would find out for himself, if he lived some time in India amongst the poppy fields, instead of in an armchair at home. Before long he would be thankful, as I have been, for the excellent salad supplied by the young seedlings of the poppy crop, when in camp far away from the produce of kitchen gardens.

Lucknow once had a talent in the pottery line, but civilization, "higher criticism," and the *Art Journal* have killed that. The silver work, the gold and silver lace and embroideries of Lucknow would compete with similar manufactures in any part of the world. But what is required are local manufactories, for the employment of local capital and the good of local labour, which will give a quick and steady return of profit, combined with security of investment to the capitalist, who, at present, will not invest in foreign fields away from home. These factories will come in time, and destroy the beauty of the place, but bring bread to the hungry. This transition stage will pass away. It may be said that civilization has taught the Bengali Babu how to drink, to dabble in

divorce, and have his dirty doings heard with closed doors; and has taught native students, and vakils, how to crib and go in for false personation at examinations. So be it. Nothing, not even civilization, can save a man from himself. Anyhow, in spite of all that may be laid to the debit side, civilization can show a very large asset on the credit side of its account. Peace, security to life and property, and religious liberty, unknown quantities before 1856, have been assured; communication with the outer world established; roads and railways constructed; colleges, schools, hospitals, and dispensaries built; a pure water supply provided, thereby greatly reducing the heavy mortality due, previously, to brackish well water unfit for drinking purposes; and what with telegraphs, a well-organized Postal Department, the introduction of Banks, money orders and currency notes decentralizing money business, the meshes of the "civilization net" cast into the waters of tyranny, torpor, prejudice and ignorance, are now being slowly, but surely, drawn to the shores of energy, light and freedom.

I remember the time, not so very long ago, when pilgrims passed through Lucknow,

on their way to Allahabad, Benares and Ajodhia, measuring their length along the dusty roads; but the luxury of modern civilization has meshed even them, and now Hindu pilgrims go their pilgrimages *by rail in special trains*, all castes sitting "cheek by jowl" without contamination! "Misery," we are told, "acquaints man with strange bedfellows"; so doth civilization. I remember seeing a wealthy Brahmin Rajah, owner of many acres, get out of a third class carriage at Lucknow. On asking him what made him, a man of rank and means, travel third class, he replied, "What! go first class? No, never again." Pressed for the reason, he said, "A few weeks back, I was returning from Barabanki to Lucknow, first class, and at Mulhor in got a British subaltern, who had been duck-shooting on the Chinhat lake. He chucked his birds and paraphernalia on the floor, took off his soaked 'pattis,' lay down full length on the opposite seat, and turned round to me and said, '*Mulo*.' I remonstrated, and tried to point out who I was; but his only reply was, 'Don't understand your *bát*. You just look *jaldi* and *mulo*, or I'll just *máro*. You ought to understand that; it's your own blooming jargon,' and down I had

to sit and *mulo* him all the way into Lucknow!"

It is impossible for this progress to have been going on steadily for half a century without a corresponding development of comfort begotten of increased wealth. Wealth of our creation, the enjoyment of which is dependent on our rule, this ought to work up for loyalty in the bulk, "for where a man's treasures (investments) are, there will his heart be also." As a matter of fact, in all the circumstances which are criteria of material, intellectual and moral progress, there has during the past half-century been quite a revolution.

Lucknow is now within a fortnight of London, can be reached by a pleasant sea trip, with the advantages of rubbing off the corners of one's exclusiveness and insularity, and polishing up one's geography of Malta, Egypt, the Red Sea and Aden, let alone getting a distant sight of Moses' Well, Mount Sinai, and Socotra, where some of the flotsam and jetsam of the Flood must have lodged, and a nearer view of flying fish, shoals of porpoise, and watching

"The phosphor sparks in the deep wave hollows
Lighten the line of our midnight way.

"And onward still to the broadening ocean,
Out of the narrow and perilous seas,
Till we rock with a large and listless motion
In the moist, soft air of the Indian breeze.

"And the Southern Cross, like a standard flying,
Hangs in the front of the tropic night,
As the Great Bear sinks, like a hero-dying,
And the Pole Star lowers its signal light.

"And the round earth rushes toward the morning,
And the waves grow paler, and wan the foam."

And at the end of our sea voyage, the first glimpse in the early morning of Bombay's lovely harbour, the new sensation of mixing with peoples of many races and creeds innumerable, and not least of all one's pleasures, a wander round Lucknow in a climate between November and February, approached nowhere else on earth. Go and see, and judge for yourself. For

"Sounds which address the ear are lost, and die
In one short hour; but those which strike the eye
Live long upon the mind."

Chapter IV

FAMINE

"Passed as a dream! and the raindrops falling
Banish it, bury it far below;
Long green grasses are merrily calling,
'Where is the demon of famine now?'"

Pekin.

SITTING at home in one's easy armchair, I daresay a brief paragraph in the daily papers to the effect, "No rain has fallen in India," is passed over with far less concern than a paragraph to the effect that "partridges are scarce," or that "dry weather has damaged the grouse prospects." Here in England, where we have the rain always with us more or less, it is such an uninteresting subject. But in India, where the rainfall varies from six hundred inches a year in Cheripungi to three inches a year in Scinde, the very existence of the people depends on the regular and seasonable fall of rain. Failure of "the rains" in India spells Death.

Only imagine what famine in India means. It means that over an area of more square miles than the home-abiding Englishman can conceive, literally *millions* of human beings and cattle are passing through the horrors of starvation—their surroundings drought and desolation.

For the past century the Province of Oudh had apparently been free from the scourge of famine. In 1784 the province had suffered more from the influx of starving people from the North-Western Provinces raising prices, than from any local failure of crops. In 1837 there had been drought, but no failure of crops. In 1860–61 the crops were good, but heavy exports caused a rise in price, and consequent distress. The soil in Oudh is proverbially fertile; the province, situated at the foot of the Himalayas, is traversed by several rivers and streams; water is plentiful, and generally near the surface; and the country is well wooded, covered as it is by large forest tracts and many mango and tamarind groves, which in no small measure affect the rainfall. The absence of roads, the insecurity of those which did exist, the policy against exportation, and the transit fees levied by landowners on every cart

passing through their dominions, made the storing of surplus stock not only easy but profitable. The climate was moist, and cereals of all kinds were grown. There was a good deal of rice cultivation, but rice was not, as in Bengal, almost the only staple of food. As the water lay near the surface, wells could be sunk at a small cost, and the province abounded in *jheels*, or lakes, which afforded facilities for extensive and easy irrigation. The reasons, then, why Oudh had enjoyed so great an immunity from famine appear to be its geographical position, fertility of soil, water near the surface, country well wooded, protection by the native Government from the grain being carried off to other provinces, absence of roads checking the export of grain, and thereby checking local distress.

Old residents of Lucknow who have reached close on fourscore years have told me they could not call to mind a local famine. Questioned as to the reason, considering that famines in other parts of India had been only too frequent within the ken of those who had been in the country under a quarter of a century, they replied: "The immunity was due more to the 'Josephian' policy of the late Nawabi Govern-

ment than to Oudh's geographical position and the nature of the soil. It matters not," said they, "that such rivers as the Ganges and the Gogra flow through the province, and that such streams as the Gumti, the Sai, the Behta, the Sardha, the Saru, and the Rapti intersect the province. The protective and restrictive measures of the native Government, such as fixing the price of grain, prohibiting all exportation, rewarding importers and punishing exporters, disallowing the sale to any one at one time of more than one rupee's worth of grain, and taking the revenue in kind, preserved us in the past. It is your fine theory of free trade, the opening out of communications, and letting the banniah work his own wicked will, that have brought all the recent trouble on us." Of course they were wrong in the long run. They knew not Mill and political economy; they did not agree with Macaulay that, "excepting the alphabet and the printing press, no inventions have done so much for the moral and intellectual progress of man as those which abridge distance and improve the means of communication." But the history of the famine of 1877–78 should have proved to them the incalculable value of communications.

These, and these alone, made relief possible in many quarters. We all live and learn, and the native is learning that roads and railways are to a country what veins and arteries are to the human body—the regular channels through which courses the life-blood of traffic. He knows now that in 1895, had it not been for the imports into Oudh of the Punjab's large surplus stock by rail, Oudh would have been in the grip of as bad a time almost as in 1877–78.

Since the annexation of the province, roads and railways have been constructed, and every facility given to imports and exports. The putting down of thuggee and female infanticide, the introduction of pure water supplies into large towns, and systematic vaccination all over the country, the wholesale distribution of cholera pills and quinine, and other sanitary measures, have tended to increase the birth-rate and decrease the death-rate, thereby placing a heavier burden on the food area. During the ten years 1881–91 the population of India increased by a number exceeding the whole population of England! Our revenue system is somewhat inelastic, and I am afraid the complaint that denudation of forest and grove

lands, affecting, it may be, the rainfall, is partially true. We cannot put back the clock, and revert to the selfish, short-sighted methods of the Nawabi, to serve purely local interests. With easy and abundant means for exporting our produce to the best markets, each year sees, it is true, more land under crop for exportation than for home consumption; the "wobbling rupee" has come to lend its aid to shippers of wheat to gold-paying countries; and free trade restricts home storage. All this tends to keep up prices. However beneficial this may be to the country in general and to the producer in particular, it is a state of things that will entail a large amount of suffering on the urban populations and day labourers, considering there are no precious metals, coal, or iron in Oudh to stimulate the manufactures which in other countries support a crowded population. These facts account for the natives' view on free trade. The time will doubtless one day arrive when, with Necessity as their schoolmaster, articles now sent away in the raw material to be manufactured elsewhere, and brought back again, will be manufactured in India. When the country is fully supplied with its own manufactories, and labour is

drafted into such channels, *then*, and not till then, will the mass of the day-labouring classes cease from its present chronic state of straitened circumstances, approaching, with every rise in prices, to the verge of starvation. As Sir John Strachey truly remarks: "Improvement in the economical condition of the people, and diversity of occupation, are our best safeguards; but these can only be obtained by a long and gradual process." If only the people in this overcrowded part of India would migrate to places calling out for labour to turn the wilderness into a garden, the food problem would solve itself.

In May, 1877, having accumulated some privilege leave, I set off with a light heart for Naini Tal, breakfasted at Ranibagh, and rode quietly along shady roads, ever winding upwards through acres of rhododendrons and crimson creepers, amongst towering pines and oaks, past chattering monkeys and croaking ravens, over waterfalls, with the sound of rushing water and the murmur of bees in one's ears, until looking back, from some 5,000 feet above the sea, I saw the plains lying away in the distance, simmering in the midsummer heat, with here and there the silver streak of a white river

winding its way to the sea. All around me were banks of ferns, and soft green moss, and, above my head, orchids hanging from the boughs of broad-girt trees, and myriads of bright-coloured butterflies everywhere; and so on until the lake, lying nestled at the feet of the watchful hills, was reached—Cheena, Deopatha, and Ayapatha, towering aloft at the further end, their heads just touched by melting clouds. As, skirting the lake, I rode past the Assembly Rooms, feeling at rest and peace with all the world, I as little recked of what the near future had in store for me, as that the spot I then trod would, in a short three years, be buried in a landslip. A few short weeks, and but a few words: "No rain has fallen." July came, still the hot wind, the brazen sky, the ground hard as iron and cracked with heat, the fields bare, the ploughs idle, no grazing for the cattle, water shrinking in the wells. July wore on, no clouds, but heat like a furnace; things looked serious, all leave was cancelled, and back we were in the plains. On the way down the heat was intense; a lady travelling in the same train from Bareilly to Lucknow was a victim to heat apoplexy. On arrival at Lucknow I met the funeral party of a sergeant-

major of the R.A. He had been telling off a party to bury a gunner, who had died of heat apoplexy, and was himself knocked down and died of the same cause. August, that should have seen the face of the earth green with rice and millet, found the land sterile, and left it a desert. I was out in camp all August and September. September brought no change for the better; the river Gumti had the appearance of a sluggish trout stream, on the high-road to drying up altogether, pools and jheels *had* dried up, and many of the wells had failed:

"And round the empty wells
Brahmans, with tinkling bells,
Bore the bright gods; and yet there came no rain."

Skeletons of plough cattle were to be seen on every side. Bird life was silent: mangy-looking vultures with drooping heads were very much in evidence; village pariahs lay gasping on the empty threshing-floors; lean kine roamed about parched fields, where no germs of any fresh vegetable life were visible, or along the edge of dry jheels, picking up such withered leaves as they could find; antelopes, forsaking their old haunts, huddled in herds under such shade as the groves afforded, and died of thirst,

making one realize more vividly the depths of David's utterance, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks." The only things that changed not were the scorching sun and the pitiless sky. So the days wore on—*that* harvest was clean gone. October was ushered in by the glaring sun, and the ploughs, which ought to have been turning over the soil for the winter sowings, were still idle, and the ploughmen were flocking to the relief works. Hope had fled, famine was inevitable, and a multitude stood patiently facing death.

"Palms by the temple tank,
Banyans by river bank, ...
Droop sere; and men pray day long for the rain."

If the winter rains came, they might give some little relief; but the facts had to be faced for another eight months, until the rainy season came round again, and faced they were by one and all: by the officials with energy; by the people patiently, without repinings. Ah, the patience of the native, it is marvellous! Call it fatalism if you will, it is heroic patience still.

Relief works and poor-houses and hospitals were opened all over the land, and the Indian peasant, whose joys are simple and few, found

life more serious and solemn than usual, but bore his lot bravely; and when even a handful of parched grain was not to be had, he tightened his *kummerbund* to assuage the pangs of hunger, still did what he could, and exercised his charity the more unselfishly. Relief works were crowded, multitudes straggled into the large towns in the hopes of finding work, day labourers lay down and died by the roadside. The poor-houses were crammed, and then a wave of epidemic cholera passed over the land. After which came a flight of locusts. The fierce sun was darkened for the space of half an hour by a large black cloud of these insects moving across the sky; there were no crops for them to settle on, a few condescended to stay their course, and hover round the trees in the city; they paid for so doing by being immediately netted, roasted, and eaten by the natives—a case of biter bitten! Thus commenced the early months of 1878. You have to pass through months of famine, or weeks amongst the dying, during a cholera epidemic, to realize how truly pathetic is the patience of the native under suffering—parents starving to save their children, strangers taking pity on the helpless orphans.

"But the sound of their sorrows went forth on the wings
of the breeze,
Being borne by the lightning to hills of the north, and
under the seas,
To the Queen of the Isles, sitting throned in her splen-
dour and ease.
Then the Princes and people arose with their treasures
to succour such need;
And they paused in their toil, and they turned from
their pleasure,
And with food and with seed
Made glad the weak hearts of an alien colour and creed
Till the terrible odds of the strife passed away,
And there came once again,
In the season appointed, the genial ray
And the affluent rain,
And boon Bhagaratti once more in her valley of grain."

And so the weary months dragged on until Nature relented. She took her time about it, and gave us a shock or two at first. A mass of clouds, but still not from the right direction; and so, such public opinion as was left began to sit freely on the "baric gradient." This had the desired effect. At last, "a little cloud that ariseth out of the sea, like a man's hand." It grows larger, then the breath of the rain-wind from afar, the air soon black with the driving dust storm, a few drops, and *at last the life-saving rains*, filling the watercourses, replenishing the wells, and adding to the volume

of the rivers, making "the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water-springs." How all faces lit up, and how, as by magic, nature responded, and earth once more broke into life. The grip of famine was loosened, the scourge that had so long prowled from village to village and house to house was banished, the shadow was lifted—men and women flocked to their villages, ploughs were yoked, the busy life of toil renewed, and we realized that

"Hope can rival the bamboo spiring,
Joy be blither than Yacca bells—
Here, O Father, our souls desiring,
Christen us, christen us out of Thy wells."

Chapter V

THE LOKIL SLUFF MICROBE (I.)

"'I've been here but a month,' replied
The Radical, 'but still
I've seen enough to let me know
What is the people's will,
And when I get back home again
I'll introduce a Bill.'"

Z. Q. A.

SOME twenty years ago Mr. Gladstone perpetrated one of his little jokes of genius, and sent out a complacent Viceroy to the East, with orders to withdraw our troops, which had, after a brilliant march from Kabul, and a glorious victory at the finish, just entered Kandahar. Of course the wisdom of this policy may be open to argument, but such men as Lord Napier of Magdala, Lord Roberts, and Sir Donald Stewart were opposed to it. We now know only by too terrible experience what the political cowardice of the Majuba-Hill-Convention-Scuttle-Policy has brought about; and some day we shall know what the Kandahar retreat will

have cost us. Close on this giving up of Kandahar followed the iniquitous Ilbert Bill, which attempted to extend the jurisdiction of rural Criminal Courts over Europeans, independently of the race or nationality of the presiding judge. It took a decade of the tact and statesmanship of a Dufferin and a Lansdowne to counteract the race antagonism wrought by this measure. Then followed the repeal of the Vernacular Press Act, a measure passed by Lord Lytton to restrain the *seditious native Press.* The subsequent evils caused by this policy we have felt, and are feeling still. For is not the native Press an exotic which fosters sedition, and racial and religious animosities? Moreover, the repeal of the Act was unnecessary, as by the law the Government had the power of suspending this measure by notification. After all these misfortunes, the unfortunate country had hoped to be saved further harassment, but this was not to be. Lord Ripon and his Council were overflowing with "a great idea," and this was "Representative Local Self-Government," or, as the natives termed it, "Lokil Sluff." From the enlightened Vakil and the emancipated Bachelor of Arts it received sycophantic flattery; but the nobility, the gentry, and the masses detested it as a

pitfall for their undoing, and said: "You force on us a system not only antagonistic to our sentiments, but foredoomed to failure; and then you will blame us for not performing the impossible." For two or three years this "great idea" was watered with adulation and manured with Resolutions; and then his lordship returned to a Marquisate and Yorkshire, and the Councillors to K.C.S.I.'s and the Secretary of State's Club at Whitehall. They did not leave the capacity for carrying out this "great idea" behind them, and it has not turned up yet. For close on twenty years a wondering public has been watching the experiment! And the result? Outside the Presidency towns the start was somewhat comical. In one district the hangman was sent up as a representative peasant; in another, a coolie loiterer about the courts was dragged in, and told to sit down at the Council table with the sahib and the assembled zemindars. A summarily impressed member, when asked, "what he considered his duties?" replied, "To speak the truth, and provide rations for the sahib's camp!" Full of meaning this reply, for those who can read the native mind. A municipality, freed from European control, passed the following resolu-

tions: "No low-caste person to be allowed to enter the Brahmin quarters." "No butchers to be allowed to live within municipal limits." I might enumerate any number of such cases, but these instances will suffice. This kind of thing was too much for the zemindars, so gradually the old respectable leaven dropped out. Everywhere the high-caste natives refused to sit at the same board with a "chamar" or a "teli." It was too expensive a luxury in the matter of ablutions and fines for re-entering the lost caste; and when a high-caste man returned home, after making one of a bench with low outcasts, it caused ructions in the zenana. So honest, respectable rusticity would have none of it. In this millennium the zemindar and the teli would *not* sit on the same bench, nor would the thakur and the chamar lie down together. In the beginning officials were warned that their efficiency would be judged by the zeal they displayed in furthering the cause the Government had at heart; hence, in some localities, municipalities were formed in a haphazard manner, against the distinct wishes of the inhabitants; but the discontent raised was so loud, and the disrepute brought on the system so great, that these mushroom municipalities were disestab-

lished. There are knocking about up and down India municipalities to the tune of 800 or so, more or less harmful—nests for sinecures, and hotbeds of corruption. Then there are the District Boards, or rural County Councils; but these are harmless, as they are not taken seriously, and are never allowed any funds to carry out any project they may meet to resolve on. So long as they have no definite sources of income, and no independent control, they cannot do much harm. The exotic lingered listlessly for a time until the originators of this "great idea" went "one better," and evolved the "representative elective principle," and the C.I.E. Rai Bahadur Khan Bahadur bribe! and behold the men who refused to sit at the same board as the leather-worker and the oil-man had to go, shoes off, turban in hand, to the chamar and the teli if they wanted to sit down at all. They don't like it. Is this to be wondered at? Amongst the respectable upper-class natives and the masses no word can be found to express the colossal folly of this "great idea." "Representation," they say, "by 'Elective Boards' in a caste-ridden continent of whole-hearted Orientals, a country of creeds innumerable and races manifold, at pre-

sent politically two thousand years behind Western nations—a continent of 350,000,000, in round numbers, out of whom not 20,000,000 in the aggregate can read and write! 'Bah!'"

"Two-thirds of the people," say they, "are born in a caste, marry in it, eat and drink in it, and live in it apart from others; hence the individual is not able to act alone. So long as caste exists, it is impossible for the majority of the people to be truly free; and what is the value of a vote to a man when he is not free, and has not the power to enforce it? All Mahomedans, and many Hindus, see plainly that to which you persistently shut your eyes, that if in this caste-ridden country you, for the sake of an idea, like the 'representative elective principle,' loosen your hold on the masses, the rulers of caste are enabled to tighten their grip, and thus the people are less, not more, free."

"What is the use of votes without power? In India are all men equal? Populated Bengal may under this 'idea' out-vote the sparsely populated Punjab, but it would never turn out and fight Sikhs and Pathans to accomplish its will. What nonsense this bowing the knee to votes! Do you suppose the Brahman will ever

consent to the low-class sweeper having an equal vote, or the proud rajput value his vote at no more than that of the greasy teli? The dumb millions want peace, not votes." This is what the upper-class natives and the masses say.

The present so-called "Representative Local Self-Government" is not a growth of the people's desire, but an exotic manufactured first and foremost for a party cry at home. It is artificial, not real, and its defects are radical and in principle. The so-called "local bodies," so far from being backed by popular will, are looked upon as calamities.

And the result—the result? As the landed proprietors, the native gentlemen, the large traders, and the respectable shop-keepers would have none of it, the public have been handed over to the kind representation of pleaders, schoolmasters, and medical practitioners—failures in their own particular line. *Græculi esurientes*, a minority, the product of our system of education, whose interests are antagonistic to the general community, a class from whom are recruited the editors of a press, whose chief aim is to render the Government odious to the people, members of the Congress

and Cow-Protection Society, who, now "dressed in a little brief authority," make themselves to their fellow-man "the sorest, surest ill." And the public don't like it. Is there anything to be surprised at in this? What have these so-called representatives done to justify either themselves or the "great idea"? Take, for instance, two of the leading subjects with which the Boards have to deal—"Sanitation" and "Taxation."

Sanitation in a country of plague, endemic cholera, and epidemic small-pox is an important matter. Ask any one who has been in India what first struck him most in the native portions of large towns and in native villages far away in the out-districts? I expect his answer would be, "The one thing common to both towns and villages was an odour peculiar to the East"; and this he would describe as "an odour mixture made up of goats, donkeys, bullocks, cow-dung, garlic, rancid butter, and decaying refuse, with a streak of open sewage drain to give it pungency." The odour is a speciality of the East. After a time you get accustomed to it, and well mixed in a warm atmosphere, more or less smothered in dust, it is not as bad as it looks on paper. I remember

a critic once writing of this flavour that "by smelling a musk rat through a bunch of garlic an idea of it might be arrived at, but hardly more"; he said it was like a "Ginx's baby" with a whole parish of parents. The native, be it remembered, loathes sanitation, revels in his pestiferous surroundings, impurities of ages defiling the soil in the immediate vicinity of his dwellings; loves his sewage-soaked wells, his walls clotted with filth, his courtyard drains choked with refuse, and his small, ill-ventilated, over-crowded hovel, utterly callous as to whether his ablutions are performed in clean water or in pools of slightly diluted sewage. This heritage of over three thousand years has to be attacked by the Representative Boards, the members of which apparently prefer plague and pestilence to the expenses and worries of sanitary reforms. Under ordinary circumstances, to find and apply any remedy in such a case is by no means an easy matter. The state of affairs above described sets enthusiastic sanitary reformers' hair on end. Looking at the matter merely from their point of view, they say that the difficulties fall into three classes: ignorance and prejudice, a want of efficient executive agency, and want of funds.

This is a one-sided view; it takes no account of the poverty of the masses; it attributes to ignorance and prejudice practices really dictated by economical and industrial considerations; it ignores actual conditions of agricultural life; one might as well tell the peasant, with no clothing to speak of but a blanket, to change his clothes when he returns home from weeding waist-deep in a rice-swamp during a rainy day, as tell him, as the enthusiasts do, to remove his dung-heap outside the village. They might as well tell the "engineer-in-charge"—

> "To keep the Menai Bridge from rust,
> By boiling it in wine."

They forget that the practice they rail against is dictated by economical and industrial conditions, and is, in fact, a practical necessity to the agriculturist, however appalling it may appear when looked at from over a sanitary official's nose, by a man who has spent his days in patenting an anti-syphon cistern and his nights in elaborating a dry-earth closet. The peasant considers that any interference with his private dung-heap is an infringement of a prescriptive right. Who says a house tax? Only fancy a village house tax all over India.

In Oudh and parts of the North-Western Province, as it is, the people are huddling together, 700 to the square mile; and what is required is more elbow-room; to introduce a house tax would only add to the evil of overcrowding, and where is the agency for assessing and collecting such an impost? The natives' language regarding direct taxation for local purposes uses up all his abuse for his own and his wife's female relatives, and "isn't fit for publication even in expurgated form."

No conceivable sanitary measure can alter the special climatic conditions of heat, moisture and variations of temperature to which the country is exposed; nor would it stop men working in the water in the rice-swamps, with a strong sun overhead; and these are the real causes of the chief disease—*fever*, which carries off its tens of thousands where other diseases carry off their hundreds. Scientists may fume, talk over Secretaries innocent of any district experience, and the Government may issue reams of regulations; but the native *knows* that the hard realities of life are not so easily solved, he realizes that with taxes, court fees, and police interference, the people have more worries than enough as it is, and he plainly tells you that

low diet, insufficient food and shelter, have as much, and more, to do with mortality than unsanitary surroundings, and that there is no agency to enforce such measures. The scientist "riles, the Aryan smiles," sits tight, and passively obstructs. Expresses deference to the enthusiast's theories, but does not offer his co-operation to put these theories into practice. Take all the Municipalities and District Boards all over India, and say what has been done by the native alone, unaided, in this matter of sanitation? What has been done, has been done by the district officer single-handed, in spite of the elected representatives. The knowledge and the personal influence of the district officer has come in as a buffer between enthusiasts and secretariats and the people; and cautiously, according to circumstances and local requirements, he has done, and is doing, what he can to mitigate the present apathy of the masses; but the "great idea" of a representative system which has never produced any representative men, is a by-word. The only interest the "elected representative" takes in the Conservancy Department is to use the Conservancy bullocks to work in his private garden, and draw water from his well for the

use of his household. The only thing that relieves the situation for some of the European chairmen of these Boards, is the grotesque humour of some of the native members. Take the following instance: The Naini Tal Municipality imported a couple of swans, which soon increased in number. Shortly after, some one suggested to the Board that if it imported half a dozen Venetian gondolas they would not only add to the picturesque appearance of the lake, but also be a source of income. Estimates of the cost of purchasing six gondolas were procured, and it was found that the price was more than the municipality could afford. On this, one of the native members of the Board said, that if they could not get six, they might, at least, get one pair; and in the natural course of things, they would in time increase and multiply as the swans had done. This is a small matter. What *is* deplorable, is that a seat on the Board is not sought merely with the object of doing disinterested service for the good of the town and the electors, but for personal interested motives. It is a fact, admitted even by native prints, that thriving vakils, wealthy mahajans, and others who have gained seats, are practically

doing everything to bring Local Self-Government into disrepute. Education has given these men the "gift of the gab," but has not taught them their duty to themselves, the people, or the Government. I have known of earnest, intelligent men set aside for vakils and schoolmasters because the former voted for the water supply and proper sanitary measures. What so-called representative Local Self-Government *has done*, has been to set up cliques, foment disputes, cause dissensions, and heartburnings, which are separating class from class. The only remedy is to "hark back" and appoint the district officer as chairman to the Board, with his European assistant as a member of the Board, to superintend the sanitation and the proper collection of the taxes, to appoint a properly paid, full-time secretary, and independent, expert, outside auditors, until such time as the members show their fitness to manage the affairs of their municipalities. Calcutta, the capital of India, the seat of Government, the home of the Bengali Babu, one of our largest trade centres, the oldest municipality in India, is from recent proceedings still a bit tottery—the city fathers sighing and moaning—

"Municipalities all the world over
(Some too in Heaven when we get there),
Angel committees around us hover,
Hey! our Municipal Bill so fair."

Here you see the product in the "green tree." Imagine as best you can what it must be in the "dry tree" of out-districts. An advanced native thinker recently said at a social conference: "Both Hindus and Mahomedans lack many of those virtues represented by the love of order and regulated authority. Both are wanting in the appreciation of the municipal freedom, in the exercise of virtues necessary for civic life and in aptitudes for mechanical skill, in the love of science and research, in the love of daring, of adventurous discovery, the resolution to master difficulties, and in chivalrous respect for womankind." How much more advantageous it would be for all concerned, if the Government encouraged educated India to concentrate its efforts on removing the causes of this reproach, rather than throwing obstacles in the way, like "the Local Elective principle," which only tend to wranglings, disputes, dissensions, disruption, and discontent.

Chapter VI

THE LOKIL SLUFF MICROBE (II.)

"The Bill was introduced, and passed
By twenty-one to four—
M.P.'s displayed as much concern
As they had done before.
'Only an India Bill,' they said,
And didn't care a straw."

Z. Q. A.

IN the previous chapter I tried to point out what had been done by the local representative of Lord Ripon's creation in the matter of sanitation. Now let us for a moment briefly follow his tactics in the matter of *local taxation*. The chief tax in rural municipalities is an octroi; this tax is levied on certain articles intended for local consumption, it is taken from the importer at certain posts, as the articles enter the barriers. The native loathes a direct tax, as much as he loathes sanitation; he infinitely prefers any kind of indirect tax to a direct tax; he does not object to a light octroi, as it is paid in infinitesimal sums of

which he is almost unconscious, and is so light as hardly to be detected on the price lists. I have known a trader import wheat into Lucknow, paying tax on it, and at the same time pass another consignment of wheat through on a free pass to a neighbouring country mart, and sell the grain which had paid octroi, and that which had not, at the same price. The tax falls on the producer, the trader and the consumer. The members of the Municipal Board belong to the trader and consumer class, and as far as they can help themselves and their friends to evade the tax, they do. They show an unhealthy aptitude for resorting to every artifice that ingenuity can devise to multiply sinecures and facilitate corruption. Their motto is "Better to be a knave in one's own interest than honest for your neighbour's good." To them, dishonesty spells prosperity. These are truly representative tactics in India. They consider they are Board members, not so much to look after this branch of administration, as to help themselves and their friends and relations. One or two instances will explain what I mean. A native gentleman from Ajmere wrote as follows to the *Pioneer*:—

"Ever since the introduction of this so-called

Local Self-Government affairs are going from bad to worse day by day. No notice taken of maladministration; the town is a depository of filth and dirt. Our secretary has walked off with the municipal collections." Now have a look at the Barnagore Municipality in Bengal. It is a fair sample of a board divested of European guidance. The auditor reported, "that bills had been paid, but not credited; that the amounts of quarterly tax entered in the register had been erased in their entirety; that the Board allowed the municipal overseer 25 per cent. on all fines imposed by the bench of magistrates under the bye-laws." How Barnagore must have loved Local Self-Government! All the unfortunate residents who did not pay the municipal overseer not to prosecute them, were prosecuted, sentenced, fined, and 25 per cent. of the fines went to the municipal overseer—so it was clearly a case of "heads I win, tails you lose" for that overseer. I wonder what the bench of magistrates' share was in the loot? If you want to know the kind of representatives boards are made up of, look at what happened at Lahore! A chuprassy of the Montgomerie Institute was returned as member of a suburb. This mem-

ber's occupation previously had been dusting books, and putting up lawn-tennis nets. Do you think Lahore was thirsting for the franchise that made the suburb return an ordinary chuprassy?

Next look at Fyzabad, a town of 90,000 inhabitants with a purely native Municipal Board. A native paper, *The Advocate*, recently said, "Fyzabad has specially disgraced itself. Party spirit has made the people blind to the true interests of the country." The octroi posts are filled up with the members' relatives, who keep carts and men and women waiting at the barriers until paid a fee to let them pass. I have known members purchase large quantities of grain outside municipal limits, and bring the produce in, in their carts, which are passed in free by their relatives at the barriers. Thus they show their appreciation of the "great idea." I have known a member send off 2,000 maunds of grain in 1,000 bags by rail from Lucknow to Cawnpore, pay freight on 2,000 bags and 4,000 maunds, and have a friend at Cawnpore to give a receipt for 2,000 bags. Why? Because the rate per bag for freight was two pice per maund, whereas the refund he obtained on the railway receipt

voucher from the municipal funds was three pice per maund; and this honest (?) representative might have been a member of the refund committee. Members are not allowed to contract for works within their municipality; but it is no uncommon thing for members of the Finance and Works' Committees to apply for contracts under fictitious names, sanction these applications, obtain the contracts, sub-let them at a higher rate, and sit as a board of inspection on the skimped work of the sub-contractors, and pass them as satisfactory! A municipality farmed out the contract for collecting tolls on its pontoon bridge. That year the rains failed, and the river became fordable a short distance from the bridge. The village people bringing supplies to the town, naturally preferred fording the river to paying the bridge toll. The contractor, who was losing money, went to the secretary of the Board to try and get off his contract. The latter, an intelligent native, who had been made a Rai Bahadur for his services, seeing his opportunity, let the contractor off his bargain for a consideration, and took the contract himself, under a fictitious name. He then got the municipal dredger to work, and dredged the ford at night. Next morning,

some old women, carrying head loads, started for the city as usual, and in fording the river, stepped into this "Boer trap" and were drowned. This did not trouble the mild Hindu secretary—quite the reverse; he rejoiced in the thought that he had scored off the contractor, besides making the bridge pay!

I remember a wealthy opium contractor, a member of the Municipal Board, who was caught, tried, and convicted of smuggling his opium into the municipality. He fared worse than the astute secretary, for he was fined heavily, and lost his seat on the Board. He did not mind losing his seat on the Board so much as losing his rupees, and future opportunity of showing in his own peculiar way his appreciation of Local Self-Government. How is it this farce of Local Self-Government has gone on so long? Because, in rural districts, the district officer came to the rescue. He allowed the Government to play with names, and for form's sake, he kept up the fiction of constitutional discussion and resolutions; but he continued to go on as before, and run the whole show himself, announced what had to be done, and unanimously resolved that this was passed. The native members agreed, not even knowing or

caring what subject was under so-called discussion, and quite unable to understand anything about the matter had they known what the subject under discussion was. The Boards and municipal committees were grateful to their chairman, and matters did not come to a standstill. In the Presidencies and larger municipalities, like Lucknow and Agra, guidance and direction were not so easy. How, then, have they worked? Well, we know at Bombay, when the plague first became rampant, the native members of the Board were paralyzed; later on they fled. At Agra, the Board had to be temporarily disestablished, because they had been appropriating the octroi proceeds, and matters had to be put straight, and the work had to be done by a single European official. The Lucknow chairman could probably tell some blood-curdling tales of peculation. Benares and Cawnpore have shown us that "things are not as they seem" from the view of Government Reports. At Calcutta a Lieutenant-Governor recently told the Board pretty plainly that they were impracticable, and that their administration was a scandal. If such is the state of things in the "green tree" of presidencies and capitals, ought not the

district officers to be commended for having saved the "dry tree" of out-districts from even a worse state of affairs? A return for the past fifteen years of convictions of members, and servants of Boards relatives of such members, for peculation and malversation, would be a revelation. In the matter of municipal direct taxes, such as License Tax and House Tax, it would be found that the rich had been excluded, or let off lightly, and that the unfortunate poor had been over-assessed, or fined heavily in bribes to be assessed according to their means. All the assessments of direct taxes are mere guess work, tempered by the information of spiteful enemies. The whole system is rotten, and a crying scandal. Representative Government is a purely Western invention, which has not been an unqualified success even in the West. The experiment was doomed to failure in the East. Surely a representative system which has no representative men, stands self-condemned.

Of another "great idea," "The Majuba Hill Convention," Lord Rosebery recently said: "Without attempting to judge that policy, I am bound to state my profound conviction that there is no conceivable Government

in this country which could repeat it." Would that it could be said of this "great idea," "Representative elective principle for India," the younger brother of that "infamous betrayal of national interests," the Majuba Hill Convention, begotten of the same parents, that there was no conceivable Government in this country which would perpetuate this mistake. The principle may be all right in the abstract, but the people are not yet far enough advanced to be able to practically manage their own affairs. By all means do everything in our power to educate the people up to managing their own local affairs. Test the system in Presidency towns and Capitals of Provinces, where you have an active press and some kind of public opinion, and when other localities show any aptitude and desire for Local Self-Government; then let political power follow, as it can be safely conceded. Bearing in mind, that changes in national habits to be permanent must be of gradual development, and cannot be forced against the people's will. If the idea is ever to work, it must filter downwards from large and important centres; it will not filter upwards, any more than water will run uphill of itself. In such matters extreme caution, toleration

and sympathy with the social peculiarities, and religious prejudices of the people concerned are needed. India is hardly the place to try hazardous experiments. It is only by a slow, gradual process and lengthened experience that the form of government in England has become representative. Whereas India is at present, politically, in an elementary condition, centuries behind any European nation. To thrust Local Self-Government on the natives, who did not want it, and were unable to properly exercise it in the slightest degree, was to do not only what was pernicious, but what was politically foolish. When the scheme was first introduced, Mr. Seton-Karr, who knew India, said: "It runs counter to all the soundest traditions and precedents, is in itself heavily insured for discredit and failure, and deliberately excludes all considerations of the conditions, habits, divisions, and disabilities of the whole native community." That is the whole matter in a nutshell. I remember once reading an article by a foreign critic on this question of Local Self-Government for India, in which he asked the following question: "Does not the same principle apply in sociology as in natural history, that the mind cannot any more than the body

raise itself from a rudimentary state except through a series of intermediate stages?" *Natura non facit saltum*, and in this as in other matters it is best to follow the natural way.

The India of to-day is not only about where we were in the Middle Ages, but it is separated from us by a series of gulfs of difference in feelings, views, and beliefs, and yet there are those who would have us believe that that which answers for our needs must perforce suit the natives of India. These same people want to make believe that they really think that the editors of a clamorous native Press, a few Bengali babus, a certain number of young men educated at our colleges, all of whom have only their own interests at heart, represent the masses of India. If they really do believe anything of the kind themselves, one can only pity their crass ignorance. As a fact, the masses, and men of independent thought, good birth, position, education, and the vast majority, at present, place greater value on nomination by the representatives of Government than election by their own khitmutgars, mukhtears, grocers and oilmen. They plainly tell you that representatives of the so-called "dumb millions" are not reared in the hotbeds of Calcutta, Bombay,

Madras, Allahabad, and Lucknow, from the seed of Press editors, pleaders, and precocious school-boys, with a smattering of English. To say the people of India have no hand in their government is to say what is not true. There are native judges in the High Courts, the majority of district judges are natives, there are ten times as many native magistrates as European magistrates. Over 90 per cent. of the inspectors and sub-inspectors of police are natives. The police force is mainly native. The Education, the Excise, the Salt, the Forest, the Opium, and Revenue Departments are all managed by natives. Over 95 per cent. of the office clerks are natives. A small handful of Europeans direct, control, and supervise, but the actual government is entirely in native hands. It has all along been our policy to educate the natives towards this end; we have promised the people a share in their own government, and have faithfully kept this promise. Right and justice are on the side of this policy. This is a very different matter from Representative Local Self-Government. Under the present policy, as Mr. Stevens truly remarks, "The verdict is black against native self-government," the advocates of which are at present on their trial.

Many local bodies are under a cloud, and some are quite discredited. Are not the natives highly conservative? Of course I don't use the word in a political sense at all, but as anxious to preserve, tenacious in clinging to their ancient customs, ideas, and institutions; opposed to innovation and change. Do not the masses teem with superstition and ignorance? Are they not a people whose Oriental credulity is simply infinite? Are they not easily imposed upon? All this must be allowed. Again, is not India a vast continent where plague, famine, and pestilence are prevalent? Are there not often seasons of agricultural depression? Is it true, or is it not true, as Ali Baba says, "that famine is the horizon and insufficient food the foreground of the cultivator and the day labourer," that is, 80 per cent. of the population? I doubt if this can be denied. Is it impossible that a day may come when on the top of all this we may be faced with grave political complications? If such a day should arrive, the "elected representative" will use the dispossessed, debt-ridden, half-starving peasantry as a lever against the British Government, just as Kruger, for his own greed, has used the ignorant, down-trodden burgher. To some of

us on the spot, acquainted with the people, the idea of primary education with technical and industrial schools, a less rigid and more elastic revenue system, social rather than political reforms, fixity of tenure, assuring to each man with the utmost attainable certainty the fruit of his labour, would be real boons. Representative Local Self-Government is a calamity. Were Representative Local Self-Government in India, *in its entirety*, within the range of practical politics, all would be its ardent supporters. Of this policy, a noted French critic said: "The worse enemy of England placed upon the throne of India could not have done a more grave hurt to the Imperial power than Lord Ripon."

Chapter VII

THE GAORAKSHANI SABHA, OR COW-PROTECTION SOCIETY

"As you define it, liberty
Means doing as you choose,
In calm oblivion of the claims
Of other men: such views
Well suit the self-complacency
Of Bengali babus."

Z. Q. A.

SOME eight or nine years ago India was agitated over the kine-killing question. The religious aspect of the question is always the same, and whether it breaks out violently or remains quiescent depends entirely on secular causes. During the latter part of 1892, and in the earlier part of 1893, the agitation assumed unpleasant proportions, and was worked with exceptional vigour. It was taken up by organized associations, mass meetings were held, speeches delivered, paid lecturers to itinerate the land and agitate the question were employed. These itinerant lecturers were the most active promoters of the movement. Num-

erous pamphlets, leaflets and pictures, calculated to inflame men's minds and stimulate religious animosity, were scattered broadcast all over the country, and the expenses for this agitation were met by compulsory contributions from all Hindus, under penalty of exclusion from caste. It was a high day for the holy fakir, who, naked as usual, save for a yellow rag round his loins, smeared from head to foot with cow-dung ashes, his clotted hair hanging down his back, made a kind of "Hospital Sunday Collection" for himself all over the Provinces. The action of these societies and preachers not only assumed a character dangerous to the public peace, but directly aimed at the overthrow of the British Government by the attempts made to oust the jurisdiction of our civil and criminal courts. By forcibly taking from lawful custody cattle which did not belong to them, roving bands resisted the civil power openly and defiantly, and, in fact, waged a kind of civil war. I will instance some cases which came under my own observation, and trace the progress of the movement in the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, which will show the subversive and rebellious, revolutionary and disloyal character of the league.

In January, 1893, some Mahomedans were driving 50 head of cattle along the Queen's highway. The cattle were being driven to be sold to some commissariat contractors. The men in charge of the cattle were assaulted, driven away, the cattle seized and carried off. The police who interfered were attacked, the cattle were never recovered or restored to the possession of their lawful owners. On another occasion 300 head of cattle, on their way to Benares through the Fyzabad district, were carried off, the drivers assaulted and grievously injured; and during all this time, over hundreds of miles of country, the trunks of trees were being smudged with slimy mud—a fact which gave the authorities a peg to hang many theories on, all more or less fanciful and erroneous, when probably the village pig, wallowing in the slime of the village pond, and the pranks of wicked youths "pulling the sirkar's leg" had as much to do with these smudge-marks as anything else. This lawlessness was in full swing all over the eastern districts of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, culminating in serious riots in the Azamghar district, which were immediately due to the influence of these cow-protection societies, and their vigorous propaganda. The poten-

tialities of the situation became somewhat alarming. Troops had to be despatched in hot haste to quell the disturbances, and the Lieutenant-Governor had to hurry off to Azamghar from his cool retreat at Naini Tal to see to things with his own eyes. The report of the magistrate of Gorruckpur showed that the first move in the North-west of India was made in that district, where a Convention was held in the interior of the district, and the meeting addressed by certain leading Hindu firebrands. A paper containing proposed rules was circulated, and copies distributed to the meeting. A copy of what is known as the "cow picture" was placed on the platform. This picture was most insidiously devised. It represented a cow, in whose body all the Hindu gods were depicted as residing. A calf was at her udder, and a woman sat before the calf holding a bowl waiting for her turn. The woman was labelled "The Hindu." Behind the cow, above her tail, was a representative of *Krishna*, labelled *Dharmraj*, and in front of the cow, above her head, was a man with a drawn sword, labelled *Kaliyug*. A confiding Hindu, who was found with one of these pictures in his posses-

sion, expatiated to the magistrate on its meaning: "The Hindu must only take the cow's milk after the calf has been satisfied."

"In the *Dharmraj* of *Satyug* no Hindu could kill a cow, but the *Kaliyug* is bent upon killing the cow and exterminating kine. As every man drinks cow's milk, just as he, as an infant, has drawn milk from his mother, the cow must be regarded as the universal mother. It is matricide to kill a cow. Nay, more, as all the gods dwell in the cow, to kill a cow is to insult every Hindu." The effect of this symbolical teaching on the rustic mind may be readily conceived, and to the Hindu the symbol had in everything displaced the symbolized entity. The Mahomedans were everywhere excited, because they heard a picture was in circulation representing a Mahomedan with a drawn sword sacrificing a cow, and this they considered an insult. The evil wrought by this picture is obvious. It was issued by order of a councillor of the Convention from Hardwar. The rules proposed at the meeting, and widely circulated, were highly plausible, quite "Krugerite," and purposely imperfectly disclosed the organization for the working of the league. You had to read between the lines not to be

deceived by the cloud of dust raised in another direction. The whole of the Hindu population was driven into the league's arms by the tyranny of caste; for its grasp was so powerful that every man, woman, and child had to openly or secretly contribute to its funds, and accept its sway, or cease to be a Hindu. It may be said, as it has been said, and truly said, that at first the movement was ostensibly directed towards treating dumb animals kindly, a kind of Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I will not deny that the *ostensible* objects of this movement were innocent, and even laudable—ostensible objects usually are. But very soon these societies passed out of voluntary associations, and assumed the organization of a league, aimed in a bigotrous and intolerant spirit against all Mahomedans, but directed, in particular, against the British Government. This was really the gist of the rules passed by the league, and the subversion of the law and interference with the courts was what they aimed at. Under the side issue of "the cow," liberty was to be set at nought; no man was free to live but by the leave of this league, and on the conditions it permitted; progress and civilization were to be wiped out, the hands

of the clock were to be put back. Here, sure enough, was something very like "*the old issue.*" "Suffer not the old king, for well we know the breed." A cow is in India an animal which a Mahomedan is entitled to hold as his property, and over which he is entitled to exercise all the lawful rights of an owner; and as long as he, in dealing with his own property, does not, in the exercise of his rights of ownership, commit an offence, the Government must protect him, and not allow any other self-constituted authority to interfere with him in the exercise of those rights. The league were quite ready to accept this maxim as far as Hindus were concerned, but evidently could not, or would not, see why the Mahomedans should have the same benefit.

The British Government undertakes to protect and to ensure liberty to all classes of men, of all races and of all creeds, under its dominion. The laws are made for the protection of all classes alike, and they don't recognise any exception in the case of any particular denomination. It is no less a theft because a Hindu deprives a Mahomedan of his property under the influence of so-called religious prejudices. The British Government has no preju-

dices, and takes no sides, but it will take good care to see that no class is allowed to oppress or injure the other. This, under the circumstances, the Hindu did not approve of; he wanted, like some of our clergy, to be "a law unto himself." The "Cow" question will always be with us, for the time has not come when the "Cow" and the "Crescent" will lie down together, and Tommy Atkins go without his beefsteak. It may be, it probably will be, the question of the future of India, and run a neck to neck race with the Famine question. Having hustled the Juggernath Car off the stage, having put down Suttee, suppressed Thuggee, made the practice of female infanticide too precarious, supplied large towns with pure water and villages with Condy's Fluid for cleansing their wells, vaccinated the millions against small-pox, flooded the country with cholera pills, and made quinine and chinchona household words, how is the ever-increasing population to be fed? Both subjects, "Cow" and "Famine," with others equally important, will keep an ordinary G.G. fairly occupied when not annexing Provinces or entertaining titled "globe-trotters." The only remedy for the food question is migration;

but the "Aryan Brown" objects to this. There are vast tracts of fertile soil in India awaiting the cultivator, but the cultivator won't leave his home and go to the land. In this era of germs and antidotes, can no one discover an anti-toxin fatal to the Indian-anti-migration microbe? If only the Indian would learn to migrate to tracts where spare lands abound, he would solve the Famine problem all by himself, without the aid of the Indian Government. The only attitude the Government can assume towards the "Cow" question is one of firm but perfect impartiality, and to act strictly up to the principle laid down in the Royal Proclamation taking over India from the East India Company, "that none are in anywise favoured, none molested or disquieted by reason of their religious faith and observances, but that all alike shall enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law." This sounds good enough to keep the "Cow" and the "Hindu" in line, if only acted up to, for the "Cow" question has for its high priest the Bengali baboo. The Bengali baboo is essentially a man of words and phrases, but when it comes to action, he invariably

"Shins it up the pipul tree
Until the clouds roll by."

Macedonian levies, Tartar hordes, the armies of Islam, Mahratta conquerors, and Pindari marauders, swept over the land, passed away, and left the masses still the same. The Hindu went his way as before, and quietly absorbed and assimilated the lot —hordes, armies, and conquerors. Will he assimilate us too in like manner? The impact he is now experiencing of civilization is somewhat different from the yoke of armed barbarians. New, silent, unseen influences are enveloping him. Other voices than those of war, rapine, and tumult are appealing to him directly and indirectly, consciously and unconsciously. After earthquakes and fiery upheavals of centuries, "a still small voice" —and, in spite of himself, listen he must. Two centuries of contact with Western thought, the spread of education, the telegraph, the railway, easy locomotion and rapid communication, are lifting the veil, and, as was to be naturally expected, there are signs of unrest. "The reveries of the recluse, absorbed in abstract thought or dumb contemplation of the dead past, are everywhere giving way to a

spirit of public activity; yearnings of a new life are slowly leavening the whole mass." Some say it is discontent, bred of education. It may be admitted that the whole system of higher education in India is radically vicious in plan, for the principles governing the system are not based on either expediency or common sense—a system which does nothing towards building up the character of youth at the most impressionable age. "Oriental languages pine in the cold shade of official neglect, ripe Sanskrit and Arabic scholars starve on a pittance," while thousands of youths are crammed, parrot-like, with information of no possible value save to make them writers of seditious articles in the native Press, and thousands of vakils crib through law examinations so as to bleed the public and bring justice into disrepute; the generous, free-hearted, liberal offer of Mr. Tata, to found and endow an Institute of Research for India, if wisely handled, ought to give the country a lead in the right direction. We are told by the wise man "that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety"; at the same time, we know from experience that "too many cooks spoil the broth," and self interest warns us

that each "cook" will plump for his own recipe. May the guides with whom the decision lies decide wisely. Others say it is a religious reaction: religion has always played a prominent part in India; but to assert that religion fosters a spirit of hatred towards a Government where all religions are equally allowed a free hand is ridiculous. Others say that it is the love of the old clashing with the dislike of the new: this, at most, is a temporary passing flutter, due in some small measure to Professor Max Muller's and others' sentimental ideas, that the West has to learn wisdom from a defunct East. To this the natural reaction will come. Others attribute it to plague measures, conflicting with native prejudices. Others to the Congress; poor Congress! It is an adept in the art of disguising, under protestations of loyalty, silly ideas it cannot comprehend. It is more sinned against than sinning; it talks a great deal of nonsense, and does not open its purse-strings to its Humes and its Wedderburns; but it means well, and does ill, because it takes as its guides discontented, declamatory Englishmen, who, when not actually disloyal, are at best conceited faddists with personal grievances; they

are thoroughly understood, and may be practically disregarded. The character of the proceedings of these self-elected delegates of the Congress is too puerile and inane to be treated seriously. For we know that the same man who on Congress platforms and similar places poses as an advocate for progress is the veriest worm in his own home, and falls back into an orthodox non-progressive Hindu under the eyes of his women-folk. The latest effort of this assembly shows it up as an unpractical and impracticable body, incapable of grasping the first principles of administration.

The real cause of this general unrest is deeper, and involves wider issues. India is in the birth-throes of an awakening out of the torpor of centuries. We are witnessing the beginnings of an upward struggle. The breath of life is passing over "the valley of dry bones, and, behold, a shaking." It is not a case of India for the Indians, or India for the English; but of India herself seeking for light, and freedom, and truth. There is nought to be alarmed at. What else should we expect? We have, in spite of ourselves, been silently, but surely, pressed on from one stage to another until the whole continent from Chitral

to Mandalay has felt the impact of the levelling tendencies of the British rule. We are but the "stewards of the judgment." All we have to do is to be faithful to our trust, profiting by past experience, making where possible concessions to temporary opinion in a spirit of fair compromise, remembering that, politically, India is some centuries behind her rulers, and to move forward cautiously towards necessary reforms.

Progress and freedom are not obtained by mealy-mouthed platitudes, or cowardly whinings to leave ill alone, because "time shall cure." Progress of any kind is won by struggle, not by merely sitting down and looking on. The mandate is not our own, but that of a Higher Power, and even if we could, we dare not disobey. In proportion as a Nation we realize the consciousness of our destiny, our sense of duty to all men, and our responsibility in the sight of God, so far as we run square and straight, we need not fear the power of any adversaries either within or without our borders. For we know, the intelligence of India knows, the masses know, and the world knows, though jealousy precludes it from outwardly admitting it, that our rule in India is

broader based than force alone, that it is based on sympathy and a desire to give to all the freedom and liberty we ourselves enjoy.

What more can we desire, what better labour for, than, by mutual confidence and joint participation, to bind England, Canada, Australia, India, Africa, and all our colonies and dependencies, into one vast glorious Empire for the extension of political, social, and religious progress? There may be checks, there will be hindrances, the pendulum of human ideas and of human action and reaction will swing backward and forward, but the progress of right and light and liberty *will ever go forward.* The burden is costly. All the world over, Europe, America, Asia, Africa, in the struggle against injustice, corruption, and superstition, progress and freedom cannot be obtained without fierce battlings and "garments rolled in blood." Wars are dreadful, all admit this, but injustice is worse—and no one should deny that; though apparently there is a "Little Englander" here and there who wants us to believe that he, personally, prefers injustice to the use of force to put down injustice. His personal belief is no matter of any one else's, and the only way to deal with the holder of such a belief is to

treat him as a bad joke. We can afford to leave him to himself and his own opinions. We know, as a fact which recent events are only emphasizing, that

> "In wars of freedom and defence
> The glory and the grief of battle won or lost
> Solders a race together."

Chapter VIII

A RUSTIC'S POINT OF VIEW

"Great is the power of *rahm* (mercy) and the feeling that the rulers are *rahim* (merciful)."

Pioneer Mail.

ONE must be some time in a district, and get to know the people and be known by them, before they will open out their minds. To be a Government official is to be at a disadvantage; the people will speak out plainly and say their say to a non-official like a planter, or grantee, or barrister, or mill-owner, who are far more hail-fellow-well-met than any official can ever be. With planters and with barristers, holding no official position, the native feels there is not that restraint in the interchange of ideas that is always present when he has any dealings with officials. There is a more natural bond of sympathy between them, and they can, one and all, speak more freely from a common standpoint on the policy of the Government. The planters that I have met are an intelligent and independent body of

men, of whom England ought to be proud. They have, by their intelligence, energy, sympathy and probity, made the name of an Englishman respected and looked on by the natives with respect, and oftentimes with affection; hence they have an advantage over the official in getting at the natives' thoughts.

The private workers, planters, missionaries, merchants, and traders are an important factor for good, and should be more trusted, consulted and utilized than they are at present; because, owing to their independent position, they can make better use of their advantages. The good they can counsel and suggest is the result of sympathy and knowledge, whereas all official beneficence is more or less forced.

On one occasion I managed to get into a peasant's confidence, who spoke out as he felt. He said: "I don't exactly know what my age is, but I must be forty or five-and-forty. I was married when I was about fourteen or fifteen. When my father was alive, we—that is, he and my brother and I—had a joint holding. He died about fifteen years ago, and my brother and I then partitioned our holding and worked separately. My father paid 100 rupees a year for his holding, but times are

harder now and rents higher. I was quite young at the time of the great Mutiny, and do not remember much about it. We used to hear tales of how the sepoys got killed, and how they pillaged and harassed the villages of those parts of the country they passed through. None of the men from our village had any hand in that job, though one or two of our men are away soldiering in the Bombay army. Our village, as you know, is on the banks of the river Goghra, which comes, the wise people tell us, from far away in the high mountains. Sometimes, in the cold weather, just after the Christmas rains, we can see a number of white peaks, like tents, in the distance, and these, they tell us, are the snows. Boats come down the river in the rains, laden with wood from the forests and grain from the Kheri and Bahraich districts—large boats with matting for sails. Now my father is dead I live in his old house. I have two yoke of plough bullocks, and we have a cow and some goats. My father was very good to us two boys, and we lived a quiet and happy life. The old man was always impressing on us, 'Whatever you do, don't ever go to law; it is far better to try and settle matters, even to bearing a little injury and

accepting a slight loss, to leaving your home and work and getting fleeced by mukhtears and vakils at court. Once go to law and you are meshed for evil all your days!' Haven't I experienced the truth of this? I wish I had followed his advice. Some time after my father's death, I got mixed up in a quarrel at a bazaar, about two miles from my home, and was summoned to court as a witness. I stated what I had seen, and the opposite party were imprisoned. This raised ill blood between their people and myself, and one day, after the accused were let out of prison, my house was burnt down. I reported the matter to the police. I had much better not have done so. A policeman came and lived on me for a week, did nothing, and only left when I bribed him to go. I was then sent for to the headquarters of the district, some thirty miles off; and the police said some suspects had been apprehended. But of these men I knew nothing; evidently the wrong men had been taken up, but they bore me no good will for the policeman's mistake; and, on being discharged, they promptly revenged themselves by cutting down some of my crops and carrying off one of my goats. I knew not how to act, so consulted

the putwari, who introduced me to a friend of his who was a mukhtear at the court. It took me two days to get to the court, and I was anxious and upset, knowing all the time I was away my crops and land suffered. The mukhtear refused to act without being paid 10 rupees down. Then he said I must get stamp paper on which to write a petition to the sahib, stating my case. What he wrote on the paper I know not, for I can't read or write. I was told to present the petition to the sahib at court the next day; but, though I waited long, I could never get near him. At last I gave a chuprassy of the court a rupee to get me a hearing. The petition was read out, and an order passed on it for me to take it to the deputy magistrate in whose jurisdiction my village lay. I didn't know what to do or where to go, but the mukhtear said I must take it next day to the deputy sahib. I did so, and had to fee his chuprassy. Again my petition was read over, and the order on it this time was 'made over to the police for inquiry.' After four days lost and some 13 rupees wasted, I trudged wearily home. A week passed, ten days passed, and no one came to inquire. At last, after about three weeks, I

was sent for to the police post. The police officer said he had no time to go into the matter. I had to pay him 10 rupees before he would act. He came to my village at last, and I pointed out where the damage had been done. I told him who my witnesses were, and he took down their statements; but before leaving that afternoon he said the accused had paid him 15 rupees, and unless I gave him 10 rupees more he would report the case to the deputy sahib as a false and malicious complaint. I had not the money, so had to go to a neighbouring banniah and borrow it. A week later I was summoned to court, with my witnesses, but I could not attend, as I was down with fever; so my case was struck off. When I got well, I went and stated the facts to the deputy sahib, and I was told to return in a week with my witnesses to prove I had been ill. At last a day was fixed for the hearing of my case. I would not engage the mukhtear, because I had no money, but stated my complaint myself, and my witnesses were examined. After this the case was postponed for a fortnight, when the accused Nunkoo's statement was recorded and his witnesses heard. On the day of hearing Nunkoo claimed the land on which the

crops had been cut as his, and produced a forged deed of sale. The deputy sahib believed him, and dismissed my case. I was at my wits' end. I had walked I don't know how many miles, and spent over half a year's income in fees to the police, chuprassies and mukhtear, and run into debt with the banniah —all for what? To find that Nunkoo, on the strength of the deputy's judgment and the forged deed, had laid a case in the munsif's court to oust me from my own land. This case I also lost, because Nunkoo was able to outbid me in the amount he was willing to pay for justice. I then appealed to the sub-judge, and won my case there; for, seeing there was no chance of keeping my land fairly, I bribed the putwari to forge me a deed of a later date than the one put in by Nunkoo, and as Nunkoo was played out, and had no money to appeal further, I kept my land. For some two or three years I had been wandering to and fro from the magistrate's court, the munsif's court and the sub-judge's court, and continually at the police station; wasting time, bribing, and running into debt. I was tired of the law, sick of justice, and determined to stay quietly at home and till my land, and take care never to

see anything that was likely to have me called up as a witness. I was older and wiser, and, oh, how I regretted I had not followed my father's advice never to go to law!

"Even now my troubles were not over. We had had good rains; the winter crop had come on well; I had a good field of sugar-cane; my arhar had escaped the blight; I had done well over my autumn millets, and but for policemen and chuprassies I should have been well off. But, alas! my crops were all mortgaged to the banniah for money which I had borrowed from him to carry on my cases and pay bribes for obtaining a hearing. Our old landlord had died, his son was quite another 'jat'; he had been to school at Lucknow, talked English and drank spirits. He was more enlightened than his father, lived at a higher rate, looked after his estate less; but he wanted money to carry on, and so he raised our rents by about 50 per cent., and added where he could to his manorial dues. We complained to the sahib; he heard us kindly, said he sympathised with us, but that the landlord was within his legal rights, and he could not interfere. We could not make out how this was, for we and our fathers had held our lands long before the zemindars

people came there, and in the Nawabi our rents had never been raised like this. As regards the 'dues' the zemindar took, the sahib said, he had no right to enforce these, and we need not pay unless we liked. But this was little consolation, for when we refused to pay the dues, and told the landlord what the sahib had said, he had us up to his chowpal and beat us. Some of the tenants complained, but the police were bribed to hush up the matter, and nothing came of it. Later on, we were arrested on a false charge, our houses searched, our women-folk insulted, and we were imprisoned. After this, as you may guess, we paid whatever was asked for; it was better to pay than go through such an experience again. Our young landlord, who was educated and enlightened, and wanted to curry favour with the sahibs, started a local dispensary for the benefit of his tenants, for which we had to supply bricks, and bamboos, and straw, as well as do the day labour in the construction of the building; for this labour we were not paid—it was all impressed. The dispensary was no use to us; it was some way off, and we preferred our own medicines. No one was ever in it, except on inspection days by the sahibs, when it was filled

by the landlord's hangers-on, just merely for show. The landlord was very wrath, because he was not made a Rai Bahadur, on the strength of this dispensary, and abolished the dispensary. Of this we were glad, as it saved us being taxed for the local compounder.

"Some years passed; the burra sahib of our district was changed every few months, so there was little chance of our affairs being known; we had no one to turn to and tell our grievances, for each new sahib was plied with information by clerks in the landlord's pay; and the landlord did as he pleased. About this time a native official came from the tehsildar, and said the sirkar had introduced what he called an *inkum ticcus*. We couldn't understand it, but the putwari said it was meant only for traders; but the landlord said the sirkar had taxed him, and his tenants must make the amount good. So our dues were raised one anna in the rupee. Besides paying this extra due to the landlord, many of us tenants were taxed as well, on the false statements of our enemies as to our means. No one listened to our complaints—the assessment was in the hands of bribe-taking native underlings; to have appealed to the sahib would have cost us more

in stamps and mukhtear's fees than the tax imposed.

"The next year a strange thing happened. A native official came round our villages, and wrote all our names down in a book, and asked us how many wives we had and how many children. We were all alarmed, and could not think what this meant. We met round the village well at night and talked the matter over. One man said he had just come from the head-quarters of the district, and understood there was to be a kind of pole-tax; another said his cousin in Lucknow had told him that one young woman was to be taken from every family for a wife for the English soldiers; another said a certain number of our children were to be taken and offered up as a sacrifice to the Ganges to take away small-pox and cholera. I can't tell you all the different stories that got about, and how frightened we all were. The native official laughed at our fears, and said it was merely to find out how many people there were in the country, and charged us one anna apiece for his trouble, as he said Government paid him nothing for the job. Nothing has come of this yet, so perhaps the native official was right. You English

never leave us alone in peace. All we ask for is to be left alone; but no, you always want to know something, and find out something about us. It is very annoying. Why pretend you don't know, when you must know? The other day a 'Deputy' came and measured up my fields, and wanted to know what the rent was. He must have known, for it is written down every year by the putwari in his papers, for the sahib's information. He also wanted to know how much wheat, barley, etc., was got off a bigha of land. Why, the children in the village know this. What can have been the reason for this silly question? 'Well,' we said to each other that night over our huqqas, 'the English cannot be such a wonderful people if they don't know how much wheat grows on a bigha!'"

Here his brother took up the parable. "Why," he said, "only last cold weather I was with the putwari when a young sahib came round, 'a stunt,' the chuprassies called him; he didn't know the difference between jute and hemp! Thought our hemp was *jute*! Fancy thinking hemp and jute the same thing! Why, there is no jute in the district. Some of them don't know the difference between wheat and barley, and think tobacco plants are young lettuces!"

Then the old man continued again: "We should like you sahibs more if you worried us less, and tried to understand us better. Only the other day a sahib came round to our village with his camp. We had to supply wood and gurrahs and grass, free; his servants never paid for these supplies; and then, to add insult to injury, he said he was a Sanitary Commissioner, and said we were to remove our manure heaps outside the village. Only fancy! What is he? Where did he come from? He could not speak our language and had a munshi to interpret for him. If we lost sight of our manure heaps from our doors, what should we have to manure our home fields with? We can't hall-mark or ear-mark our manure. If it was all put outside the village, what quarrels would be engendered over the question of ownership! Was the sahib mad? Now look here, you keep putting on taxes for this, that, and the other until we are ruined, and we derive no apparent benefit. Our fields are assessed on an average year's outcome. I know not what your rules may be, but practically we tenants get no remission for damage by blight, hail, or bad years when the rain fails. The landlord may, but he don't pass the privilege

on to us. In the Nawabi we paid in kind; that was fair. Now we have to find the rupees even when there is no kind; so we are all head over ears in debt to the banniah. We liked the old plan best. A friend of mine once, about to cross a river, asked the village putwari, whom he met on the bank—a youth educated at the head-quarter's putwari school—how deep the stream was? The learned youth replied, 'Oh, there is an *average* depth of about four feet of water.' My friend was drowned in trying to wade the stream because the depth was over seven feet in the middle. It is the same with your assessments—all very fair average for good seasons; but there comes a series of bad seasons or a famine, and we are drowned in debt. You are slaves to averages, you English."

A planter friend who had ridden over to my camp to see me, and was present, laughingly interrupted: "He's right; your philosophy is a great deal too practical to look for causes; you content yourself with a bold requisition for results, never mind how, but at all hazards get results. *Rem*—

'*Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem!*'"

The rustic said: "I don't know what the

sahib is laughing at, but look here. The landlord pays a school-cess, and we have to make this good—what for? To have our income curtailed some 25 per cent. by being deprived of the labour of our boys. The landlord pays a road-cess, and we have to make this good—what for? As far as our village is concerned, there is no road within ten miles. In the dry weather, carts come to the village along winding self-made cart tracks; in the rains and wet weather they cannot come here at all. We travel by paths which we make ourselves across the fields, so we don't see what benefit we get from a road-tax."

My planter friend said: "That's the way he, a peasant, looks at it. I'll tell you how the landlords look at the matter of roads; they say the cost is absurd—mind you, they are not against roads. Why, communications are the making of their estates. They know, and so do I, how things are done. Your divisional staff of engineers, surveyors, sub-overseers, and their offices totals up to pretty nearly half a lac of rupees a year. That's not a bad sum, they say, annually; and what for? As a rule, roads are repaired by local District Boards Agency. Isn't that so? Now and again, once

in a blue moon, you may require a more difficult job than the overseer can accomplish; even then, it would be cheaper and better done by engineer contractors, like Frizzoni & Co. As for your ordinary bridges, culverts, drains, and small buildings, a good surveyor, under the tehsildar and district officer, could do all that was required, quicker and better, at less cost, and with less red tape than it is done now. As it is, a costly establishment is maintained, and higher rates paid for inferior work. Why do I say inferior? Because you know well enough the establishment is corrupt. This may be heresy, but, unfortunately, it's the truth."

I couldn't gainsay him. My experience bears out all he said.

To this my native friend replied: "This, too, is true, sahib; it has to do with matters that don't concern me directly, but this is what all the zemindars say. Now look here, there is another strange thing that happened not long ago. Can you tell me, sahib, what it means? The other day, the village schoolmaster told us that the sirkar had put a license tax on trades, because they were going to reduce the salt tax. In the native official's eyes *we were all traders at once,*

until we paid them to leave us what we are—ordinary peasants. But what *is* the salt tax, sahib? I never knew there was a salt tax. We buy very little salt in our village, because we can make nearly all we require from the ashes of a few plantain trees we grow; it makes no difference to us whether there is a tax on salt or not. Has this tax been taken off? For we pay just the same for our small pinches of salt now as we have done for years, and never knew that salt was taxed; whereas we do feel and know all about the Inkum Ticcus, the License Ticcus, the school, putwari, chowkydari, dak, road, and other cesses. And what about this 'Lokil Sluff,' sahib? Please tell us, for we cannot understand it. The vakils and the schoolmasters bother us out of our lives to vote for them on the boards. What for? We do not care about them; they only fleece us for their own ends. I asked one of them the object of it, and he said, 'Why, we are *kūrsi-nashins*—that is, we get a chair with the sahibs, and the chuprassies salaam us and call us "Maharajah"; is that nothing?' But some of these are low-caste men, and we do not want to sit down with them, if the sahibs don't mind doing so. We cannot understand

why you sahibs make so much of them; all they do is in their own self-interest, to get appointments and take bribes. They do not know us, and we do not trust them, or like them. This is another of your fads which we do not like and can make no head or tail of."

Not for the life of me could I explain to him the reason of this folly. Then, in answer to a question I interposed, he said: "Yes, we have greater security for life and property than of yore, but we have to pay more heavily for it. Before the dacoits, bad characters, and others, took an annual subsidy not to molest us; we knew what it was. Now the police, some take more, some less, but we never know how much it won't be. We have to go long distances to courts, our cases are adjourned, and adjourned, day after day. We have to bribe magistrates, clerks, and petition-writers to get a hearing. The wealthiest win, the poor are ruined. We are mulct in stamp fees, costs, and legal dues. If by chance we win a case in the local courts, appeals to distant tribunals are numerous. No two courts decide alike on the same facts. Your legal-phraseology is beyond our comprehension. Your own judges don't seem to make head or tail of it. All this is very different

from the good old days of 'justice within the gate' by our own punchayets, who were often more right than your courts are, at a hundredth part less cost and worry and loss. Better for a man to die than to go to law and fall into the hands of a native policeman. What have not I and mine suffered from false evidence, perjury, bribery, insult, and intimidation? I have had my house burnt down, my cattle impounded, been robbed of my inheritance, been arrested as an accomplice of thieves, been bound over as a bad character, my house searched, and my women-folk insulted. What for? Because against my will I was once summoned as a witness in a case which in no wise concerned me, and for trying to obtain justice and protection from police villainy. Why is there all this perjury in the courts? Because, instead of swearing witnesses and parties according to oaths which bind them, you use a meaningless formula which has no hold on their consciences, or fears, if you like, if you think they have no consciences. As for the fear of legal punishment, that has no influence. The probability of being found out is small, of being prosecuted less, and, even if prosecuted, being convicted least of all.

"Look at the result of all this oppression of taxes passed on to the unfortunate tenant's shoulders, this dragging away from our homes and our daily concerns, these bribes, these debts. Only the other day a respectable, hard-working tenant got behind in his rent and numerous dues to the landlord. Then came suits, decrees, attachments, and finally a private compromise, by which the tenant became the slave of his landlord, to do menial service on two rupees a month, one rupee of which was to be deducted monthly until the arrear was paid off, which meant far, far beyond his natural term of life. Now comes the old story of despair and revenge. One night the tenant, instead of quitting the premises at the usual hour, concealed himself inside his master's house. About midnight, when the whole household was wrapped in sleep, possessing himself of his master's tulwar, the unfortunate wretch, mad with despair, crept up stealthily to where his landlord lay sleeping, and with one blow nearly severed his master's head from his shoulders. The murderer was arrested, tried, convicted, hanged. We who knew all he had suffered felt no pity for the landlord, and thought the ill-used, down-trodden tenant had

received more than sufficient provocation for acting as he did. This is no solitary instance, sahib; it is not the first, and will not be the last. We are poor and ignorant; we know what goes on below the surface; we have feelings just as much as you have; we are an industrious, quiet, peace-abiding people; we are but human, and our powers of endurance and patience are limited. Is there none who will perceive, none who will understand—

'None to hear
Our myriad-throated wail of agony'?"

Chapter IX

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE'S FIRST VISIT TO LUCKNOW

"Presence of mind and courage in distress
Are more than armies to procure success."

Dryden.

SOME thirty-two years ago Sir John Lawrence paid his first visit to Lucknow, the last resting-place of his illustrious brother Henry. He had come out to India early in 1864, at the close of Lord Elgin's brief reign of some twenty months only, at a time when the horizon was overclouded with political troubles on the Punjab frontier, and it was not until the end of 1867 that he could visit the province of Oudh, one of the most fertile portions of his dominions, where the snow-fed Gogra, Rapti, and Chowkha, the Surjoo, and the Gumti, wind their way through miles of well-wooded, highly-cultivated country, to add their waters to the Ganges as it flows onward

to the sea. A province the population of which is more dense than that of any other portion of equal extent of the globe—a province bound up with the memories of a brother with whom he had worked so long and so closely in the Punjab, and who had died in the memorable defence of the Lucknow Residency, nobly doing his duty to the last. On Saturday, the 9th November, 1867, Sir John Lawrence made his State entry into Lucknow, the capital of the province of Oudh, an entry the pageantry of which surpassed any ever made by any previous or subsequent Viceroy, or any potentate of the kings of Oudh under the old regime. The whole distance, some five miles from the railway station, along the chief thoroughfare of the native town, past the Muchi Bhawan fort to the Residency, was lined on both sides by European and native troops of the garrison. The road-sides, the sloping banks, ruined walls, and all the house-tops were crowded to their utmost capacity with spectators—a veritable sea of human beings.

This was "Jan Lawrence's" first visit to the Residency, memorable for its defence during the dark days of 1857, a defence of which the late poet-laureate has told us, how, during an

Indian summer and tropical rains, amidst the bursting of shells, the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, amongst wounds, disease, and death, a handful of Europeans and natives stood shoulder to shoulder, "and ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew." Who that witnessed that entry into Lucknow will ever forget the occasion? Certainly not any on whom, like myself, had rested for weeks the burden of the arrangements for that eventful day. A battery of Horse Artillery and the 5th Lancers formed the advance guard, then came the Viceroy in a silver howdah, on a gorgeously-caparisoned elephant, followed by members of the Governor-General's Council, the civil and military staff, the members of the Oudh Commission, and the talukdars of Oudh, *on* 500 *elephants, four abreast,* a field battery of artillery and a native regiment of cavalry forming the rear-guard; and as we reached the Residency, the heavy guns of the garrison battery in the Muchi Bhawan fort boomed forth a Royal salute. This fort stood on an eminence, and is supposed to be the original centre around which the City of Lucknow sprang up. It is flanked on one side by the river Gumti. It has now been given up as a

fort, and the Imambara inside it has been made over to the Mahomedans. At the Residency the whole of the troops engaged along the route marched past the Viceroy, and so back to their quarters in cantonments, and the shades of night had closed in before the day's proceedings had come to an end. The striking spectacle of a pageant made up of such elements as here set forth can be more easily imagined than described. Sunday was a welcome day of peace and rest, but Monday saw us in harness again for a week of hard work. There was a reception of the native princes in the morning, and later on visits paid by maharajahs and rajahs, who drove up the watered roads under triumphal arches, through lines of glittering bayonets, escorted by outriders in motley uniforms, carrying sharp-pointed spears with fluttering pennons, and mounted on weedy, ill-fed, ungroomed country-breds. On the following day the Viceroy held his grand durbar in the Lal Baradari, the Throne Room and Coronation Hall of the monarchs of Oudh. This building takes its name from the colour of the stone with which it is built. At this function were present the Maharajah of Kapperthallah, G.C.S.I., and all the talukdars of Oudh, in richly-coloured

dresses, resplendent with jewels, and the civil and military residents of Lucknow. The military uniforms, the gorgeous apparel of the native barons, the ladies' pretty frocks, and the handsome uniform of the bodyguard, with here and there a Government chuprassy resplendent in red and gold, made up a scene of colour and picturesqueness not easy to be beaten. At the same time was held a Chapter of the Star of India, at which Maharajah Man Singh was invested with the Order of Knight Commander of the Star of India.

When installing the Maharajah, Sir John Lawrence said: "I take this opportunity of stating, in the presence of your countrymen and my own, that you have a special claim to honour and gratitude, inasmuch as at the commencement of the Mutiny, in 1857, you gave refuge to a number of English people in your fort, most of whom were helpless women and children, and thus, by God's mercy, were instrumental in saving all their lives." On the evening of the same day the talukdars of Oudh right royally entertained their Excellencies at a banquet in the Kaiser Bagh, and delighted their guests with a display of fireworks worthy of the best days of Lucknow. On the following

day Sir John Lawrence laid the foundation stone of the Canning College, a college erected and endowed by the talukdars of Oudh to the memory of Lord Canning, an institution which has done, and is doing, an immense amount of good in the province, and is the "Eton" of Oudh. The same evening a ball was given to the Viceroy and Lady Lawrence by the Oudh Commission at the Chhatter Munzil, a handsome five-storey building imposingly situated on the right bank of the river Gumti, conspicuous on account of its *chatter*, or umbrella, which, covered with gilt, glitters in the sun at the top of the building, and gives the name to the building. Once I remember a waggish subaltern saying he thought it was called "Chhatter Munzil" because it housed a ladies' club! This group of buildings was originally built by King Nasur-ood-deen Hyder for his numerous queens. The portion occupied by the United Service Club, in which the entertainment was given, possesses the very finest ball-room in India. All the old public buildings of the Nawabi days are surmounted with rude paintings of scaly fishes on each side of the entrance gateway. The fishes are the arms of the Mahomedan kingdom of Oudh, and correspond to

our lion and unicorn. Thursday was comparatively an "off-day" so far as public functions were concerned. There was an evening party at Government House. This house was originally built by Nawab Saadut Ali Khan, and during the Mutiny was held by the rebels. Since it has been the headquarters of the representative of Government, it has been added to, enlarged, greatly improved, and the grounds, the lawns, and gardens have been tastefully laid out by expert gardeners from Kew.

On Friday there was a review of all the troops in garrison, and in the evening the Viceroy's ball at the Chhatter Munzil. On Saturday the week's doings came to an end by a fête in the Wingfield Park in the afternoon. This park, named after Sir Charles Wingfield, a former Chief Commissioner, is equal in beauty to any in Northern India, is beautifully kept, and boasts a plant house without equal in Northern India, for has not the whole of India supplied it with foliage gems? In the month of February the roses in this park are a sight to be seen to be realized. In the evening there were illuminations at the Hoseniabad Imambara, where lie the remains of Mahomed Ali Shah, King of Oudh. The ceilings of this

mausoleum are hung with large chandeliers, and several twelve-feet-high crystal candelabra rise from the floors, numerous pier glasses stand against the marble walls; the pavement, which is of porphyry and precious stones, is beautiful to look at, but dangerous to walk on, being as slippery as ice. The building itself is approached through ornamental gardens, in which are large marble tanks spanned by marble bridges; and when these gardens are illuminated at night with small lamps, and the surrounding towers, kiosks, and minarets are all ablaze with their lights reflected in the still waters of the tanks, one is reminded of descriptions in the *Arabian Nights*. Add to all this a large display of fireworks, and the starting off on their aërial journey of a number of different-coloured fire balloons, and you may then be able to faintly picture the last of Lucknow's entertainments to the Viceroy.

But this visit was not all durbars, reviews, dinners, and illuminations for the hard-worked guest. What seed was sown during that week for Oudh's future welfare, who can tell? It is more specially due to Sir John Lawrence that the old sub-proprietors in Oudh have been reinstated, that the tenants have obtained rights

of occupancy, that wholesale evictions have been put an end to, and that fair compensation for unexhausted improvements have been secured to the tenants. We can see now, looking back over more than a quarter of a century, some of the fruit that the seed then sown has brought forth. A generation has passed, the men who knew from experience the sufferings of the Nawabi are gone, their sons and grandsons are ignorant as to the former state of things, even the best educated among them are ignorant of recent history; nevertheless it is as well for us, to whom Indian history is familiar, to look back, take stock, and compare the Oudh of to-day with the Oudh of say two centuries back, for what applies to one portion of India applies to the whole.

The first Oudh Treaty was made in 1765. Ninety years later the condition of the people of Oudh was even more miserable than before, they were still suffering from grievous oppression and misrule under the heel of a Mahomedan potentate, victims of incompetency, corruption, and tyranny, without remedy or hope of relief. So in 1856 Oudh was annexed. The revenue of the province was assessed on a fair and settled basis, courts of justice established, protection given to life and property. Compare Oudh

before the annexation with the Oudh of to-day. Before, the people were victims of tyranny and misrule, without remedy or hope. Courts of justice there were none, no protection for life or property, no attempt at prevention of disease, no religious freedom, no communications, no development of the country, thuggee was prevalent, female infanticide unblushingly carried on, suttee openly practised. Since annexation, courts of justice have been established, protection given to life and property, hospitals and dispensaries erected; English ladies, leaving kith and kin and country, are ministering in zenanas, hospitals, charitable institutions, and homes, bringing to their native sisters that hope, consolation, comfort, and relief which only women can truly render. Religious liberty is upheld, roads and railways have been constructed, and cultivation largely increased. In material respects Oudh, as compared with any previous state, is extraordinarily prosperous. Thuggee has been rooted out, suttee abolished, female infanticide got well in hand. On all these items of progress Sir John Lawrence left the impress of his master hand. The week's doings herein described were only the prelude of much good in the future.

Chapter X

A TYPICAL RIOT CASE

"Great is the justice of the white man, greater the power of a lie."

Kipling, "In Black and White."

EARLY one morning, sitting under some fine old tamarind trees, on the outskirts of a village on the Naipal frontier, in the north of Oudh, within sound of a babbling hill stream, and within sight of a long row of snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas, I was smoking leisurely, surrounded by saddles, gram bags, cooking pots, guns and rifles, waiting for the headman of the village to turn up to arrange for coolies for a "hank" or "forest drive" the next day. I was far away from telegraphs and post-offices, and meant taking a "day off," when a mounted policeman came riding up in hot haste, with a letter in a well-known "red" envelope. It so happened that this year the Mahomedan mourning of the Mohurrum and the Hindu rejoicings of the Ramlila festival fell at the same time,

an inconvenient habit these functions have of clashing in this inopportune, unnecessary way once in about fifty years. If they can manage to do for all that time without clashing, one can't see why they want to clash at all. It must either be to give the opposing creeds an extra chance for a "spoil" or else to teach them self-restraint and charity. The betting is a hundred to five on the former rather than the latter. It's no use talking about our policy of allowing all parties to perform their several ceremonies according to their own tenets. Policy is one thing, talk is another, but the meeting of a Mahomedan party and a noisy Ramlila crowd in the same street is a very different thing. There is lots of talk then, talk not fit for publication, and the only policy is one of broken heads. Their one object is for each party to perform its religious ceremony by interrupting the other as far as in its power lies.

My camp was pitched about five miles from Baragaon. It was this centre of Hindu and Mahomedan discord that had made me turn my paternal steps in the direction of the Naipal border. I had two strings to my bow, one the welfare of Baragaon, the other a holiday in a *maichan* in the depths of the adjoining forest.

I had hopes the joint festivals might pass off without any disturbance; if so, I should have leisure to disturb the cheetal and neilghai, and dreamt of bagging a leopard. But the Fates decided otherwise. Early the previous day the Superintendent of police and I had ridden over the different routes laid down for the processions to pass along the streets of Baragaon, had fixed the time for each procession to start, and heard all that the people on both sides cared to urge. Much to our satisfaction, each side had elected certain leading, influential representatives, and on a mud dais under a pipul tree an agreement had been drawn up and duly signed. We were assured "that under a benevolent Government Hindus and Mahomedans were brothers," "the agreement was sacred," "was there ever a better or nobler solution for race quarrels than 'arbitration'?" Accordingly as the sun was setting I left for my camp, hoping all might go off quietly, but willing to lay five to four against this countrified "arbitration" as likely to stay the distance. My fears were realized. When the time came for carrying out the arbitration award, Baragaon was not behindhand—it repudiated it. In the present instance the Hindus were the actual

sinners; and the consequence? Well, the Mahomedans turned out in their numbers to oppose this breach of faith. They drove back the Hindus, destroying their images, and both parties, Hindus and Mahomedans, pressed the small force of blue-coated, yellow-legged police into the police post, which was kept in a state of siege, in anticipation of an attack which never came. Still, the police were out of the way while the fray lasted, and the red envelope was to tell me that several of the rioters had been injured, two men had been killed, and the siege of the police chowki wanted raising! So instead of having to describe a day after a bear, sambur, and cheetal, my record is one of a different sort, and "a day off" after shikar must keep for some future time.

Before long I was in the saddle and on the scene of the late disturbance. On arrival, I found my Hindu friends somewhat cowed by the handling they had received, and the Mahomedans not a little perturbed at the execution they had meted out in attempting to make the Hindus fulfil the agreement of the previous day. The police post had not been attacked; but owing to the preservers of the

peace having been locked up, the rioters had evidently been making a merry time of it. There had been a very pretty fight among themselves, but no attempt was made to resist the officials. The police post was relieved, and the dusky myrmidons of the law set to work to arrest the breakers of the law. The original agreement was enforced, and the Mahomedans protected while burying their *tazziahs*.

Doubtless the Mahomedans were the aggressors; but the riot was in a great measure forced upon them by the intriguing Hindus, and if the antecedent circumstances of a riot can ever palliate the guilt of those engaged in it, it is difficult to conceive a combination of circumstances more calculated to compel men into a course of violence than those which in this case beset the Mahomedans. But these were points for the judicial, and not the executive, authorities to settle; and in carrying out our duties in making arrests I could not help hoping, for the sake of those implicated, that a fair consideration of the circumstances might tend to palliate the guilt of the Mahomedan party. The Hindus had already had a pretty fair example made of them for their breach of faith. The aggressors, as I have said, were the Mahomedans, and

for obvious reasons the chief evidence against them was that of the Hindus. No reliable evidence at all was procurable for the prosecution, because no man could say he saw the rioters at work without admitting he was present with them; and, as a matter of fact, every one but those implicated had shut themselves up in their houses. The Hindu witnesses laboured under a similar disadvantage, for the Hindus' mouths were sealed as to any violence which they might have shown to the Mahomedans who attacked them. There was no doubt that there were injured persons on both sides, for the Hindus had not taken the obstruction of their festival "lying down"; but no wounded Mahomedans were forthcoming, and the Hindus, while exaggerating the violence of the Mahomedans, concealed any resistance which they may have made.

It was a pretty little tangle to unravel, and no mistake, out of lies that, to one who does not know the native's playful way of exaggerating, would be enough to turn his hair grey. The riot could not be denied, nor could it be gainsaid that it was attended with serious personal injuries, but this was about all that could be proved. Ultimately some forty persons were arrested and indicted for various offences. No

difficulty about this, for the Indian penal code allows one a liberal margin, and lends itself to bringing charges against your neighbour. Imagine what a boon this must be in a country where the all-knowing Kipling tells us a murder case and the witnesses can be procured for about fifty rupees, and the corpse thrown in! I doubt if the universal provider Whiteley could do better than this, even with the aid of the penal code. In India one never can tell when one is keeping outside the five hundred odd sections of the penal code, so we were all right about those forty arrests, *under some head or another*.

I didn't envy the youthful judge who had to try the case. Fancy having to record pages of evidence three-fourths of which is false, and then having to estimate justly the degree of guilt attaching to each of these forty accused, with a native clerk of the court at one's elbow retained by the defence to mislay important papers, omit "telling points" in the police diaries, and to interject Delphic utterances on police procedure in general! Fancy the difficulty in coming to a decision as to the value of the evidence of those Hindus who testified in this case!—all past masters in

guile, falsehood, and deception before the boy judge was born. It is a sight for sore eyes to see a Christian judge groping his way through floods of perjury in his attempt to do justice.

Of course the inevitable cow was trotted out. It had, we were seriously informed, been decorated by the Mahomedans for the purpose of slaughter. This, I think, must have been a mendacious afterthought. Anyhow, no proof confirmatory of such an act was forthcoming.

When the trial came off, it was astonishing how many of the witnesses remembered the minutest details as to the dress worn by the assailants, the direction they came from, how many steps they took to the right or the left. One man could speak with certainty of a particular date three months previous by the Hindu calendar who couldn't for the life of him tell the month in which he was giving his evidence by any calendar at all, and wasn't at all sure what day of the week it was! The fact is, in India the ordinary villager is in about the same state of legal development as a French court-martial, he is about as guiltless of anything approaching to logical inference as the court which recently sat at Rennes. The mental attitude of the ordinary native is so utterly

different from that of reflecting beings as to make it futile to attempt to explain it to those not acquainted with native ways of thought. He thinks that a crooked path is always preferable when the direct road is safe, and that an evasion, or pack of evasions, is useful when the truth can do no harm. The native knows that magistrates and judges, however zealous, are overworked, and have not the time to worry over the prosecution of liars. He understands how different are the opinions of different courts on the subject of what constitutes perjury, so the fear of imprisonment has no influence whatever on a native. The probability of his being found out is small, and if found out, of being prosecuted still less, and if prosecuted, the chance of his getting off is more likely than that of his being convicted. The only constant guide to the tongue of a native is self-interest. Other tests of credibility of testimony may fail, this never. Failing as he does to recognise the obligation imposed to speak the truth by any of our solemn affirmations (you cannot make him put his hand on his son's head and declare that the youth may die if the witness speaks not the truth—which is about the only way to save him from lying), and con-

scious that whatever course he may adopt, he will not lose the respect of his fellows, and careless, from experience, of the chances of legal punishment, the mind of the ordinary witness is almost *in equilibrio* till the weight of his interest thrown into the scale decides the question. In ordinary life amongst themselves, the natives decide matters of guilt and innocence by "ordeal." They have different kinds of ordeals, and success or failure in passing through this test establishes innocence or guilt. In fact, in this matter the ordinary natives are now about where we were in the reign of Edward the Confessor. Moreover with them it is not only that details get more grotesquely absurd in the process of repetition, their minds are the forcing beds of many inventions, they appear to have an inveterate weakness of telling the tale *not* according to fact. Medical evidence, in the present case, proved the manner of the death, or the cause of it, as regards those killed in the fray; but it must have been a difficult acrostic for the court to say who struck the fatal blows. I doubt if even Ellaline Terriss's "boy" could have "guessed right the very first time," probably not "until the little pigs began to fly."

The town had been in a state of riot some

hours during the early part of the day; the police had been shut up in the police post; the whole case, bar that there had been a riot, that two men had been killed and several injured, will ever remain a matter for speculation. It goes without saying that the defence in every case was an *alibi.*

"Is he taken red-handed at his head-breaking sport,
He has clansmen a score who'll attend him to court
And swear he lay sleeping the hour of the fray
At his wife's-cousin's-grandmother's — ten leagues away."

Chapter XI

A DAY OFF

"Is toil so sweet? Has life no other song
Than the dull croon of the official mill?
What grist is ground of all thy labours long,
Or place, or fame? Lie still, poor fool, lie still."
Pekin.

ONE November day some years ago I was encamped at Kakadari, on the banks of the Rapti, almost on the very spot where only a few years before the Nana and his remnant of mutineers had been chased into the wilds of Naipal. Before me were the purple-clad hills that had swallowed up that fugitive band in the distance, beyond this low range of hills rose in silent grandeur the snowy range, stretching far away to my right and left were belts of primeval forest, below me the Rapti, as it merges out of the hills and speeds its way through well-wooded, highly-cultivated plains, to empty itself into the Ganges, coursing by villages, "drowsing through the sunny day, as

they had drowsed through many a century of sunny yesterdays," and all around me the best "shikar" to be had at the present day in India. For had not our little community at Bahraich, during 1885, 1886, and 1887, bagged a yearly average of fifteen tigers along the Naipal border, and in the adjoining forests; not to mention sambur, gond, cheetal, hog-deer, black buck, and such small game. There are bear too in these forests; but the bear-shooting in these parts isn't a patch on some I had in 1863 near Hazaribagh, in Chota Nagpur, with Crosse and Henley of the 52nd. In the afternoon, taking my rifle, I strolled into the forest: something very different from anything in England. No bird melody here, but a silence almost oppressive; a hornbill darted overhead from one tree to another; I caught the "tap, tap" of the woodpecker on some hollow tree not far distant, heard the rustle of leaves as the breeze sighed faintly through the tangled boughs; these and the drowsy hum of insect life were the only sounds I heard—otherwise, I was shrouded in stillness. A solemn stillness settled down on me, enwrapped me, and became almost oppressive. To be alone in the middle of an Indian forest, far away from

the turmoil of men, listening to the lore of forests in the wild heart of Nature, is an experience.

I wandered for an hour or so, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, only feeling that this was something very different to the tumult of the outer world. The next day I marched along the Naipal boundary, through some Sal forests to the Chakkia forest, near the banks of the Surjoo, where my friends were to meet for a "day's shoot."

Between the Surjoo and the Gogra there are immense tracts of uncultivated land, covered with tall elephant grass, in which are found nurkool swamps, where hog-deer abound, where the gond or swamp deer has his home, and where, with luck, one may come on a tiger, or quaint old rude forest shrine, daubed with vermilion and festooned with jasmine flowers, dedicated to one or other of the two million gods India always keeps on tap. The Rajahs of Nanpara and Bingha had kindly placed their shikarees and fourteen elephants at my disposal. The next day saw the slow march of the elephants, in single file, winding their way through forest glades, across rugged ravines and sandy nullahs, over grassy plains, to the

nurkool swamps, where we were assured that there was "a sure find." We beat down a sandy watercourse to the Surjoo, to what appeared a fordable passage, but no sooner had the elephants begun to cross it than the whole surface commenced oscillating with a tremulous-like motion; the elephants trumpeted, the mahôuts shouted "Wah-fassun," and with a sinking and a struggling we extricated ourselves, and had to hark back and seek some safer ford. Having at last reached the swamp we were in search of, we ranged up in line—a short, easily worked line of twelve elephants, two having been sent on to the other end of the swamp as "stops," and began work in earnest. On negotiating the nurkool, as the elephants forced their ponderous carcases through the reeds, as they rose and sank in deep pools up to their girths, as the oozy slime bubbled and slushed and the nurkool stalks crackled and bent, our howdahs rocked like a mail-boat crossing the Channel in a choppy sea; so we beat one piece of nurkool after another until, joyful sound, one or two of the elephants trumpeted, and as we reached the end of the nurkool, and came upon some high grass, they all showed by unmistakable signs that something was

afoot. We could plainly see the grass moving a short distance ahead of us. Was it a pig, or was it a tiger? It could not be a gond, or we should have been able to see his antlers; the swaying of the grass was too gently wavy for a boar's hurried rush. We slightly quickened our pace, an open space gave us the opportunity of the first glimpse of the tawny hide, five double-barrel smooth bores sent forth a volley, the woods sent back the echo, and the drifting smoke hung on the air that still, cold winter morning. A moment's silence, and then with a roar the wounded tigress was on the trunk of the elephant on the extreme left of the line, with her forepaws unpleasantly close to the mahôut's legs. But a ball through her neck, by the occupant of that howdah sent her back, and there she lay 'mid trampled grass and trodden mire growling and lashing her tail. Forming a semicircle, we closed in on her, a ·500 express bullet put an end to her career, "and dead in her tracks the tigress lay." She had been wounded far back in the left side in the first volley fired at the moving grass. This was the cause of her rage and fury which made her charge; for, as a rule, a tiger avoids an encounter if he possibly can, and is shot as he

tries to get away, and only takes the initiative either when wounded, or when in a tight corner from which there is no escape, or in defence of its young.

I remember an instance of my old friend Maynard. He had fixed himself up a *maichan* on four uprights in a grassy swamp, near the Motipur forest, into which a tiger had been tracked, and was having the swamp driven by elephants and beaters towards him. His moving about on the maichan had loosened the foundations. Just as the tiger was approaching, the fabric on which he was perched began to sway, and toppled over with a crash. Both he and the tiger were out of the swamp like lamplighters, but the tiger was the faster of the two, and was never seen again; and all that was seen of Maynard was a piece of hatless, muddy humanity, somewhat blown, but apparently proud of his experience. Subsequently his "topi," guns, rifles, cartridge belt, and other paraphernalia were worried out of the slime and slush by the "shikari."

But this is a digression. While we partook of lunch under some trees on the edge of the swamp, the shikari padded the tigress on a pad elephant. After which we commenced our

journey homewards across the plain to the Murtiha block of forest, beating for small game, and shot on our way home two hogdeer, a cheetal, and a gond-stag.

The delight of our camp was unbounded, as there was some fine feeding for the Mahomedans in the "hullaled" deer; the Hindus stood near the tigress calling out "Bagh, bagh, Ram, Ram, Sitaram," and the villagers crowded round (for "my ladyship" had been a scourge to the neighbourhood for some time past) pleading for her whiskers and teeth, as charms against "the evil eye," and for portions of her carcase, as a cure for all the ills of the body; for in their eyes neither "Elliman" or "Jacob's Oil" is a patch on tiger's fat. Two local chamars skinned her before us, then and there, and pegged out the skin behind where our horses were picketed, and a chowkydar was put on duty at the spot for the night. The evening found us sitting on easy camp-chairs, before a blazing log-fire, discussing the day's proceedings, fighting over again our battle of the "nurkool swamp," and pointing out to our own satisfaction that either the mahôut, or the elephant, or gun or rifle, anything but ourselves, were to blame for missing this neilghai,

or shooting too soon at that parah, or too late at that gond; suggestions received by the rest of the party with a silence that suggested doubt.

In December, 1884, my camp was at Sohelwa, about a mile from the forest. We had come out for a "Christmas shoot." E——, of the Bengal and N. W. Railway; R——, the District Superintendent of police, and S——, of the Royal Canadians from Fyzabad, were my guests. We had invited the forest officer to join our party the next day, but work prevented his putting in an appearance; he had however promised to help us with the turkey and plum-pudding that evening. That Christmas dinner, as events will show, was destined not to come off. After breakfast that Christmas morning we mounted our pad elephants and started for the forest. Having reached our rendezvous about noon, the coolies and beaters were sent on some two miles ahead, to beat the jungle towards us; in the meantime we took up our positions on the maichans that had been duly prepared for us the night before. It seemed ages, that silent waiting in the depths of the forest, before the distant cry of the beaters, the rattle of the tom-toms, and the

beating of the drums fell on our ears. The first sign of animal life was a troop of chattering monkeys—again silence—and a jackal slouched past, then some peafowl and jungle fowl ran across the fire zone. Soon after there fell on my ear the lightest pit-a-pat on the fallen leaves, and I saw, standing motionless with his head on one side, a fine old sambur stag, about forty yards to the right; his horns, neck and shoulders just visible above the tangled brushwood. I covered him, fired, saw him fall, and heard him struggling on the ground. Immediately afterwards there was a shot on my left, and a "bang-bang" further on, showing that most of the corps had got to work. Then "the band began to play" in earnest. Some neilghai, a herd of pig, and numbers of cheetal came by, helter-skelter, and the forest, some few minutes back so silent, reverberated with rifle volleys, beating of drums and tom-toms, the letting off of matchlocks, and the shouting of some three or four hundred beaters. Our bag, for this beat, consisted of one sambar, two cheetal, a neilghai, and a large boar. The coolies were sent down to the stream to slake their thirst and eat their handfuls of parched grain while we partook of tiffin and a smoke, after which we mounted our

elephants and went on to the next station prepared for us, and so on working our way homewards. About four o'clock, we reached the "home forest," sent the elephants back to camp, took up our position on foot along a forest road, and started the coolies on our final beat. E—— was on the extreme left, about 400 yards from the forest bungalow; I was next to him, some 200 yards lower down; S—— and R—— were equidistant on my right. The forest officer, who had returned home about three o'clock, hearing the beaters, came down the road in the hopes of getting a shot—a most unsportsmanlike thing to do, for he didn't know where we were placed. Some deer crossed the road; he saw something moving in the forest in the direction they had taken, aimed and fired, heard his quarry fall, and ran up to see—what? E—— lying in a pool of blood. It was not long before we were all on the scene. A ·500 express bullet had passed through the poor fellow's neck. We lifted him up, and carried him on a country cot to the forest bungalow, and did what we could to staunch the wound and stop the flow of blood. Night was setting in, and we were forty miles away from any medical aid. We found that E—— was

paralyzed from shoulders to feet, his chest had sunk, and he was breathing in short gasps from his diaphragm, like a dog after a long run. All that night he raved in high fever, with a temperature of 105°, and next evening when the doctor arrived, and we anxiously clustered round for his opinion, he said: "Well, it's Lombard Street to a China orange his getting over this." We carried E—— on his bed, into Bahraich, by slow marches. Everything was done that medical aid and nursing could do. He existed rather than lived for fourteen months. We got him home to England, where he finally succumbed to pneumonia. The bullet had evidently impinged a small piece of bone on to the spinal cord, cutting off all connection from the head downwards; the wound of exit, just above the right shoulder-blade, was fearful to behold. A young and useful life sacrificed—all the result of a gruesome, a criminal mistake. Poor old chap! It was to be. The Fates had ordained it. So it is with all flesh. "Soon as our lot is drawn from the urn, go we must—there is no return."

A DAY OFF

"Though we pass from mouth to mouth the word
that is easily said,
Though we noise it north and south, or whisper it
near with dread,
How shall a man conceive that his friend is dead?

"Dead is easily spoken; but how shall he so understand
That the soul its bonds has broken, as a bird flies
from the hand?
Or that the spirit has lost its fatherland?

"Shall he be glad or sorry? If sorry, for what shall
he grieve?
For the flight which killed the quarry, or wounds
that death will leave?
For the rust of self in weeds, which grief doth
weave?

"All that he can learn is this, though he beat on his
breast for hours,
That a mystic loss is his, that a mystic loss is ours,
And the heedless heart of earth will still be flowers!"

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Chapter XII

THUGGEE

"For pleasure and profit together, allow us the hunting of man."

THE origin of this crime is lost in the mists of fable. There are, I understand, no records of its prevalence in any of the histories of India prior to the time of Akbur. Marvellous to relate, it was carried on at one's very doors for over a century without its prevalence ever being suspected. Was this crime of Hindu or Mahomedan origin? Probably the former, for, though practised by both Hindus and Mahomedans, it was carried on with the observance of strictly Hindu ceremonies, such as the offering of vows by both Hindus and Mahomedans to the goddess "Bhawanee"; and the Hindu festival of the Dassehra was esteemed as particularly propitious by all Thugs. They hunted down men for gain, and looked upon it as sport, and called it "shikar." Their ideal was: "For pleasure and profit together, allow us the hunting of man." This brotherhood of crime

was by no means devoid of organization, and as with gypsies, so with Thugs from distant parts of India, who had never come across each other before, and whose creed and language differed, recognition was possible by signs known only to the initiated, and a slang of their own. These gangs, made up of inveiglers of the unwary, garotters, and gravediggers, insinuated themselves into the society of travellers, journeying with them until an opportunity was afforded them of strangling their victim with a handkerchief; and, before even the signal had been given for the final despatch of the traveller, his grave had been duly prepared to receive his corpse. On the signal being given by the leader of the gang, as quick as lightning the executioner had thrown his handkerchief from behind round the victim's neck—a sudden twist of the knuckles, a sharp wrench, and all was over. The whole business was speedily accomplished, the corpse carried off and buried, and the members of the gang hurried off as fast as they could go in the opposite direction. The holy emblems of this profession were a pick-axe and a handkerchief. They were a superstitious lot, these Thugs, and never started on their nefarious outings without consulting the

omens. And what were these omens in which they placed such implicit faith? The bray of a donkey, the shriek of a peacock, almost any cry of bird or beast, after their incantations to "Bhawanee" for light and leading had been pronounced, were sufficient for them. Only follow Ramsunran on his journey, and you will be able the more easily to understand the ways of these murderers. One case was much the same as another, and Ramsunran's will suffice to explain the wiles of these assassins. The following facts were furnished me by a relative of the unfortunate victim:—

"The latter rains had ceased, the final 'hatni,' the last of 'Nakadts,' had come down in torrents, the sky was cloudless, October had commenced, the Dassehra had just been kept, the days were bright, and the mornings and evenings had the crisp feeling in them, foretastes of the approach of the cold weather. Ramsunran, a small landowner in the south of the Purtabgurh district in Oudh, had everything in readiness to start with his women-folk, and one or two servants, for a journey to Sohelwa, a village in the Bahraich district in the north of the Province of Oudh, at the foot of the Naipal hills,

to attend a family gathering. At early dawn, Ramsunran, riding on a small country pony, his women-folk in a two-bullock country cart, with a cloth thrown over the vehicle to hide them from the gaze of the outer world—for Ramsunran approved not of his women-kind looking out into the world—the servants walking by the side of the cart with iron-bound clubs in their hands, and their shoes stuck over the top of the same—started for their first march of ten miles on the road towards Sultanpur. About noon a halt was made, the mid-day meal, ablutions, and a short nap taken, then a pull at the huqqa all round, and another eight miles accomplished before sundown, when shelter was taken for the night in a 'serai' on the main road, near the police station, where a number of native constables looked after the peace of the district and their own interests. The next morning's dawn saw them on the road again; and so they journeyed until Fyzabad was reached. At holy Ajodhia, founded according to tradition by Manu, the father of the human race—where a thousand

'shrines stand open, and ever the censer swings,
As they bow to a mystic symbol, or the figures of ancient kings;
And the incense rises ever'—

the whole party purged their sins by a dip in the Gogra, and later on crossed the sea of snow-fed waters on a large wooden boat crowded with other travellers. As the river was broad, owing to the recent rains, and the stream swift, it took the bawling, naked boatmen some time to reach the other side and tow the boat back again some mile or so that the stream had carried them past their landing-stage. Ramsunran got into conversation with a pleasant-spoken fellow-traveller, who had that morning arrived from the Jaunpur district, and was going north on business.

"As the shades of night closed in, they found Ramsunran, and his belongings, and his new acquaintance, and his servants encamped together under some mango trees on the north side of the river. After the sun had set, and camp fires been lighted, the evening meal was partaken of, and then the men-kind sat round the embers of an old sal log, chatting, and smoking their huqqas. Ramsunran was new to these parts, but his friend was well acquainted with the Trans-Gogra Gandharb ban tracts, and enlarged on the robber gangs that frequented the Gonda forests, the dacoits that lurked in the Utraola villages, the ill-fame of

the Barwar colony at Mankapur, through which they would have to pass the next morning; of post-runners and cattle that had been carried off by wild beasts in the Ikhona forests, the difficulties likely to be met with in negotiating the Pyagpur swamps and jheels, where flocks of snipe come in with the cold-weather new moon, and where in the daytime the buffaloes wallow in the mud and slime. So it was arranged, before they turned in for the night, that the two parties should associate themselves together for mutual security and companionship, as they were travelling in the same direction. Thus day by day, through the Gonda and Bahraich districts, through swamp and forest, over wide, uncultivated tracts, past the ruins of Sahet-Mahet, once the capital of a Buddhist dynasty, the joint camps made their way, and each day more and more did Ramsunran's friend ingratiate himself, and earn the former's thanks and gain his confidence.

"One afternoon, after the Dargah of Syad Salar had been left a few miles behind, and when about fifteen miles from Bhinga, where the friends were to part, the stranger suggested that, as the Rapti would have to be crossed, and a bad piece of the forest traversed before reach-

ing Bhinga, it would be wiser to start somewhat earlier than usual—that was, some time before daylight—as they could by this means get clear of the forest and reach Bhinga before dark. This was agreed upon. The camp was roused from sleep about 2 a.m., the bullocks yoked, all the chattels packed and loaded in the bullock cart, and after a whiff at the friendly huqqa over the smouldering ashes of the overnight fire, the party set off. Little did the unwary Ramsunran dream that he was marching into the heart of the Thugs' stronghold, and that even the Rapti boatmen were Thugs hereabout. The new moon was half-way across the heavens, the stars shining clear overhead, and some little time before daybreak the scrub jungle, intersected with ravines on the approach to the Rapti, was reached, where the soft mists of a northern cold-weather morning hung over the river, the chilliest time before dawn. Ramsunran's three servants and the stranger's servants were sent on ahead in single file, Ramsunran, his friend, and two of the latter's associates, who had come out to meet him the day before, and the bullock cart with the females in it, taking a slightly circuitous route, the more passable for wheel traffic. At a given signal, Ramsun-

ran's party were set upon, strangled to death, and buried away in the grave prepared for them the night before. As the morning star grew pale in the sky before the gathering flush of dawn, all that was left of Ramsunran's party was a newly-made grave in the lone brushwood, near the banks of the Rapti, where the river issues from the Naipal hills, flowing south-eastward into Oudh; and a few hours later, as the sun rose, showing in the foreground the pine-clad hills of Naipal, and in the far distance the peaks of the snowy range, its rays fell on Ramsunran's so-called friends dividing their spoils in a belt of primeval forest, near the ruined fane of some old Hindu deity, with the vultures soaring overhead and monkeys chattering among the sal trees."

The old "Thuggee by strangulation" has been entirely suppressed. For centuries the Thugs plied their trade all over India; they only recognised a "close time" of four months in the year—June to September—they claimed thousands of victims yearly, without the prevalence of their atrocities ever being suspected. About 1840 the Government got wind of this abomination, took the matter in hand, and hunted the Thugs from one end of

India to the other, until it utterly destroyed them.

It is stated that "Thuggee by poison" has taken the place of the old "Thuggee by strangulation." Doubtless we often hear of cases of "theft by drugging," but it is a misnomer to apply the term "Thuggee" to such cases. This vocation is not hereditary, has not immemorial custom to fall back on, is not attended with religious rites and ceremonies, the perpetrators do not own any private graveyards. I doubt if there is any extensive confederacy among road poisoners. Such evidence as there is tends to the conclusion that this is rather the work of criminals acting independently on their own account. India is a country that lends itself to such crime, and as some of the deadliest poisons are easily procurable, growing along one's very path, it is not surprising to find such handy means taken advantage of by criminals in the furtherance of their designs. The poison chiefly used is *dhatura*, a plant which grows wild in many parts of India. The seeds of this plant are pounded up fine and mixed with rice, or coarse flour, or sweetmeats. Here is a case in point.

One Dhatta was on his way from his home

to a bathing fair at Dalmao, in the Rai Barcli district. At sunset he sat down under the trees of a wayside grove to his frugal meal of a bowl of rice and some *chupatties*, or baked cakes of coarse flour; not far from him was a stranger naked to his waist, and with only a loin-cloth on, bent on similar operations. Both were going to the bathing fair; they got into friendly conversation on the prospects of the harvest and the exactions of the village banniah. The stranger, at Dhatta's request, partook of some of his food, and in return helped Dhatta to some of his clarified butter, or *ghee*, of which the former had none of his own. After his meal the stranger packed up as if to proceed on his journey. Before long Dhatta was seized with giddiness and dryness of the throat, and was generously tended by his friend, who put off starting on his journey, until, having helped himself to all he could find in the way of cash, departed, leaving the unfortunate Dhatta to roam about the country like one demented, until, foaming at the mouth, he fell down in a kind of apoplectic fit. Next morning some villagers, going at early dawn to their fields, find a man lying dead under a pipul tree. The police are informed, the corpse is

carried to the district dispensary, a post-mortem reveals the cause of death; but as the unfortunate victim had in his madness roamed far afield from where he supped the night before, and where the dhatura had been surreptitiously inserted into the friendly gift of *ghee*, the police tear their hair as to any clue, and after filling many a suspect with pounded red pepper, arrest the wrong man, who, after the application of chillies to his eyes and being made to sit on a hot plate, is persuaded to confess to the crime; but confessions to the police are not considered as evidence under the Indian Procedure Code and Evidence Act—I suppose, because native policemen and native magistrates are too great adepts at hearing a confession when the accused is quite ignorant of making one. The police are well aware that their explanations of mysteries do not always hold water, hence a confession of any kind is "nuts" to them. I have come across a good many confessions, and my experience has been, that the accused invariably withdraws before the judge his confession to the police or the native magistrate. It is impossible to draw any conclusions from this fact. There are two sides to every question. The

above is one side of it, but there is another. The culprit may have thought, when first arrested, that the game was up, and really confessed the truth, or he may have made an involuntary kind of confession under blandishments known only to the police. One thing is certain: as soon as he finds himself in the "lock-up," with time to reflect and fellow-prisoners to instil into him the folly of which he has been guilty, and the advantage of denying everything, his confession included, he readily follows out the advice tendered him, and oftener than not, to turn the tables on their persecutors, the jail-birds set their heads together to concoct a very pretty little story of the tortures employed by the police to extract the original confession. This thirst for obtaining confessions is in no small measure due to the peremptory demand for numerical results. If the official reports, bristling with percentages served up to the Secretary of State and the public, would only let us more into the secret of what goes on *below the surface*; if these reports would take us behind the scenes, and let us watch the working of an ordinary constable in village outposts; or see for ourselves the by-play of embryo self-government, we should

find a vast deal more to interest and enlighten the public than the present ordinary yearly tables of figures, which are, fortunately, unintelligible, as otherwise they would be misleading. There are such acres of these statistics, that even if trustworthy they are wholly uninstructive, and Local Governments themselves have been known to pour ridicule on these "arithmetical curiosities." It has been publicly admitted "that these statistical results are quite imperfect as a guide to the actual value of work done, and that they are a better index to bad than to good work; that they fail altogether to take count of the work which should be most highly valued—the work which prevents the commission of crime."

Chapter XIII

FEMALE INFANTICIDE

"Death, spoke Hope in my ear, is the daughter of Mercy."

Robinson, "Under the Punkah."

IT is more than a century ago now since it was discovered that infanticide was systematically carried on over the greater portion of India. It was most prevalent among the Rajputs, a fine warlike race, with glorious traditions for courage and gallantry for the defence of their country against Mahratta invasion: of all the warlike races in India the least ambitious and the most loyal. Colonel Sleeman tells us, during his tour in Oudh, in 1850, that this practice was prevalent amongst the old Rajput families. Old Baktawar Singh told him that hardly any of the Rajput landed aristocracy were the legitimate sons of their predecessors—they were all adopted, or born of women of inferior grade. It has been said that in some parts of the country this crime

was common among the Mahomedans, and that the Jhats and Bhurtpore chiefs were tainted with it, and that it could be traced back in Arabia to before Mahomet's birth. But coming down to our own times, after the annexation of the Province of Oudh, we found that infanticide was not only occasionally practised there, but uniformly, universally, and unblushingly acknowledged. Sir C. Wingfield, with the cordial help of the talukdars, set on foot measures to suppress this evil. Matters have decidedly improved since then, but the practice is not yet obsolete. The causes of this crime appear to be pride, poverty, avarice, and superstition. The root of the evil lies in the expense incurred in marriage pageantries and festivities, and the feasting of numberless hangers-on—a motley rabble of *mendici mimæ balatrones et hoc genus omne*; hence the Hindu looks upon the birth of a daughter as a tax and direful misfortune, a presage of poverty now in this world and may be shame hereafter. The chief means of causing the infant's death are suffocation, withholding nourishment, exposure, and administering opium.

The effects of the practice are productive of other evil practices; for instance, the kid-

napping of female children of other castes for the purpose of selling them to Rajputs, the latter being unable, from the paucity of female children among themselves, to obtain wives of their own caste. To supply this demand, children are enticed away or stolen by professional child-stealers, or made a trade of by being sold by the very poor. The organized system above alluded to is carried out as follows: A girl of any age from three to thirteen is purchased; the purchaser, a Thakoor, belongs to a gang of five or six others, including women, and they have accomplices in other districts. The girl is then brought by the purchaser and a female accomplice, and placed for safe keeping in the house of a friend, which is used as a sort of depôt for such girls, where three or four are often housed together. The girls are carefully taught to reply to all questioners that their owners are their parents, or brothers, or other relatives, as agreed; and while this is being taught them, the owners look out for some family where a wife is wanted. Then formal arrangements for marriage are made. The dealer demands a certain sum, varying from 50 to 100 rupees. This settled, the proposed purchaser sends a Brahmin or a friend

to ascertain if the girl is really the dealer's daughter or niece, as stated by him; and these being easily deceived, the marriage is arranged. On the day of the ceremony the accomplices appear with the dealer, and a regular false family is fabricated. The girl, with the pleasant prospect before her of a new life, and the fascination of the idea of a bridal thumb ring, with a little round mirror in the centre of it, acts her part to perfection; and in this manner girls of every caste—of Mussulman parents even—are palmed off, we are told, on Thakoor families, as *bonâ-fide* Thakoor and Hindu children.

Personally, I do not believe that in most of such cases the Rajput is gulled as to whom he marries. I doubt the fact of our knowing more about these depôts for girls than the Rajpoots themselves. There being a demand, the supply is accepted without many questions being asked, and the practice is winked at. There is no doubt that the practice exists, and is likely to do so as long as there is a demand for women amongst Rajput families. I know of an instance where the police seized five girls who had been kidnapped from a distant district and sold to Thakoor families in Oudh; and from

information obtained from these girls, and the parties who were convicted of having sold them, a rigorous inquiry was set on foot, which resulted in fifty more cases being brought to light. On information thus obtained, one night, after the sun had set, and the hot wind that had been howling all day abated, we started for a small hamlet situated on the banks of the Gumti, some twelve miles distant. This was reached by about ten o'clock. On arriving at our destination, police sentries were placed round the enclosure to prevent any attempt at escape; and, led by our guide, we entered the enclosure through a fence of thick bamboos. The young moon was well up in the heavens, and a stream of light fell on the weedy, uneven path, that led to the outer entrance of an irregular nondescript building, partly thatched and partly tiled. Under a creeper-covered trellis of gourds, in a small mud-thatched lean-to, clinging to the windowless wall built of flat Nawabi bricks, set in a mortar of mud, between some sleeping cattle and a dirty well, its sides all green with slime, we came on some straw, on which was lying a wizened old hag, with nothing on but a tattered sheet and a goitre. Having roused her up, we made her,

by the light of a flickering wick in a flat earthen saucer of oil (the familiar chirâg), show us the way into the house, through a rough wooden door studded with nails. In the outer room—more a verandah than a room—the arches of which were enclosed for about five feet with mud-screen walls, between grindstones and some dozen brass and earthen pots, we came on three girls, between five and ten years of age, lying asleep on fibre mats, more dirty and bedraggled than the mats they lay on; but they appeared well nourished, and by no means miserable or disheartened. The younger girls were too young to understand much; but the eldest, who, though little more than a child, was a widow, fully appreciated the change from the home with her mother-in-law, where "her bread was sorrow and her drink tears." The owners of this establishment were evidently away on matrimonial business, and it took some time to trace them out and bring them to justice. It was quite evident that, owing to the deficiency which existed of female children in Thakoor families, this kind of traffic was extensive.

Other depôts were unearthed, where girls were collected, after they had been kidnapped,

or brought, previous to the families being fixed upon into which they were to be drafted by sale. Different explanations are given as to the origin of this crime. One class ascribes it to a prophecy delivered by a Brahmin to a Rajput king, that his race should lose the sovereignty through one of his female posterity. To guard himself against the fulfilment of this prophecy, the monarch ordered the destruction of all female infants. Another tradition is that once a Chowhan prince, being pressed by his son-in-law, and writhing under the feeling of disgrace that his position of merely father-in-law placed him in, bound his sons by an oath to save his family from future contempt, by destroying their daughters. Another tradition is that a rajah, having a very beautiful daughter, being unable to find a fitting husband for her, put her to death at the advice of his priest, and enjoined the duty on all his clan. The probability is that these, and many other traditions of a similar nature, are mere phantasies of the brain; for, mixed up with the Rajputs' gallantry and courage, we know they have a most vivid imagination, which is easily led astray by rumour, to which the most trivial accidents may give rise.

These so-called traditions are merely put forward as lame excuses, with the view to hide the real motive of a crime they are ashamed to acknowledge. Anyhow, any inquiry now as to whether this or that explanation be genuine or not, is mere waste of words and waste of time. Herbert Edwards put the matter in a nutshell when he said: "The question is one between the father's means and the daughter's life; and the life is taken and the wealth retained." The crime of kidnapping is fed by the more horrible one of infanticide. Much has been and is being done to put down female infanticide. Sir John Strachey went for it some thirty years ago; and, when bringing in his measure for the prevention of female infanticide, said that "the British Government had borne too long with the abomination, and the time had come for them to show the world that these things must cease." But something more than a merely coercive system, supported by penal enactments, is needed to give permanency to any measure for the suppression of this crime. The method chiefly resorted to must be addressed to the reduction of marriage expenses, and by education and enlightenment aiding the Rajputs to brave the public opinion

of their associates, and impress upon them that, when the alternative lies between the transcendental law of immemorial custom or humanity, the former must go to the wall. In the past we have simply cauterized sores that have broken out here and there, instead of going to the root of the matter to infuse a healthy tone into the whole system. To ensure success, the efforts should be universal, for spasmodic local efforts are of use only temporarily and locally. If the crime is to be eradicated, the motives from which it springs must be attacked. The only excuse urged for the crime is hereditary obligation, obeyed solely because of a want of moral courage. As the chief motive for the destruction of female infants originates partly in false pride and partly in exorbitant marriage expenses, to permanently remove these motives, we must seek to impart counter-motives, and try to create an interest in the girls being allowed to live for their own sakes, and gain over the co-operation of the chiefs of the clan. For if the peasantry were satisfied that their hereditary chiefs were against them in regard to these silly, fabulous traditions that tend to keep alive this practice, the effects would be excellent. This is being

done; and the latest published reports show that the practice of female infanticide, if not obsolete, has been materially checked.

Mention is made of the increasing popularity of a system of marriage, termed "dola," under which daughters are a source of profit and not expense to their parents. Unfortunately, no details are given, nor is any mention made of the form of this marriage, and the manner in which it is accepted. Full details should be published for the information of the public, so as to allow us to judge for ourselves. If, as is alleged, the natives, or the authorities, or both together, have "struck ile," and invented a system under which daughters are a source of profit and not expense to their parents, they ought not to copyright it, but to give the world a chance of acting on such a happy idea. One can only hope the Inspector-General's optimistic opinion that "premeditated female infanticide no longer exists," may be true. Apparently the Government thinks this statement "is too comprehensive." Still, it looks as though this abominable crime had been nearly put an end to. As far back as 1864, that noble philanthropist, Munshi Pyaree Lal, understood the marriage expenses evil, and travelled far and wide

convening public meetings, and by his honest endeavours and earnest eloquence did what he could to prescribe a certain limit to expenditure at weddings. I was at one of his meetings in Lucknow, and only wished more such honest, self-sacrificing, earnest workers might be raised up in so good a cause. True, the difficulties that surround the question are by no means few or small; all the more reason for putting forth every effort to overcome such an exceptionally barbarous practice. A practice admitted among themselves to be criminal, one in no way mixed up with caste, or the religious habits of the people, nay, rather against their religion, for their Vedas and Puranas sufficiently condemn this unnatural crime, laying down "that he who takes pleasure in sin and commits infanticide falls into the great hell called 'Simirsa'"; that "he who, standing in water, repeats regularly the 'gayater' may be freed from all sins but of infanticide"; and again, "by repeating ten crores of 'gayaters' a man may be freed from the guilt of killing a Brahmin, but never from that of infanticide." So much for one side of the question; but there are always two sides to every question. To those who have watched, year in and year out, the state of degraded

slavery that the one-sided and inequitable Manu legislation of centuries has doomed native women to, it looks as though the female infant's early death were a merciful relief from her torture in life under such a system. According to the Hindu religion, the Hindu wife has no separate independent existence apart from her husband, and the bond uniting her to her husband is indissoluble even in death. There is marriage in their hereafter, which in itself must be a nightmare. The Hindu marriage system is based on force, and the wife is looked on as but a chattel; and the pity of it is that under our humane laws the barbarity is still permitted of enforcing conjugal rights by imprisonment, where husband and wife were married in infancy before they had set eyes on each other. This is bad enough where marriage is between mutually consenting parties of mature age; it is indefensible where there has been no consent, and the parties to the travesty termed marriage are little children. Riding through the cornfields, you see a village wedding procession; the youthful bridegroom is about three summers, and he goes to wed a still younger girl: the thought passes through your brain, a few more years shall roll, and the boy grown to

manhood, be his life what it may, our laws will enable him to compel the innocent victim of a wife thus entrapped, to give up, under penalty of imprisonment, her body, to that from which her soul shrinks and her nature revolts.

The results of the Hindu marriage system, so far as its victims are concerned, are worse than suttee, causing untold misery to thousands of innocent, helpless women and children, and wholesale demoralization by letting loose on the public a low set of marriage brokers and women destitute of principle, who gain a livelihood by deceit and pandering to the frailties of human nature. On the grounds of humanity, morality, and public policy, infant marriage is intolerable, and deserves to be put down just as much as suttee and female infanticide. If we insist on the girls living, we are bound to protect them in after-life, whereas by countenancing infant marriage we do a bitter injustice to millions of helpless women and children who were better dead. Is it not our aim and object to make all free, men *and women*? If so, surely social customs inconsistent with freedom ought to be grappled with. Would it be so very heinous to enact that no marriage is legally valid *in the sight of our Courts* that does not fulfil the fol-

lowing conditions: (1) That the parties should be capable of standing in the relation of husband and wife to each other; (2) that they should be willing to stand in that relation; and (3) that they should have contracted with one another so to stand? Surely such a ceremony as that which "Rukhmibai" went through with "Dadaji" should no longer be held to convey marriage rights and obligations "at all, at all." We have been moving along slowly, but still moving; the sanguinary Juggernath Car, the flames of Suttee, the abominations of Thuggee, are past history, and we may hope that ere long the nightmare of female infanticide and the barbarities of infant marriage may pass away—

"Like the smoke of the guns on a wind-swept hill,
Like the sounds and colours of yesterday."

Chapter XIV

AN ALLEGED POLICE TORTURE CASE

"Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein."—*Proverbs.*

WE had sweltered through a hot May, June had commenced, I had tossed about the whole long, still sultry night, where a punkah was a fraud, and sleep an impossibility for all save the punkah coolie. Before the sun rose I was sitting in *déshabille*, with a wet towel round my head, in an armchair out in the compound, sipping my morning cup of tea, almost wishing it was office time, so as to take one's thoughts off the numbing effect of the oppressive heat, when I heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs, and up rode the District Superintendent of police. "There has been another big burglary at Saraya," he called out, "the third within three weeks; no clue to the former two, and precious little clue to this last one at present. I'm off to the spot to put a little *jaldi* into that sleepy old thannadar. If this kind of thing goes on, where will our 'averages'

be? We weren't any too high in the Provincial list last year. I want my privilege leave, and not a transfer to Ballia on account of inefficiency. Ta-ta"—and he was off into the murky, dust-laden horizon, with a parting rush of quite irrelevant adjectives for any other purpose than that of saving himself from heat apoplexy. I lit a cigar, and was not altogether sorry that it had not fallen to my lot to ride out those twenty miles on such a day, for I knew that by ten o'clock a sirocco would be blowing; my only consolation was that the District Superintendent was a regular salamander, and a "tough un," and I had certain pleasurable sensations as to his presence on the scene in that distant, out-of-the-way village. His arrival I realized would be like a few drops of tobasco sauce in the broth of native supineness—real cayenne; so I braced myself up to await with patience the result of my subordinate's praiseworthy energy; hoped for all our sakes that this case would not tend to spoil our "averages" of captures and convictions, and, for the Superintendent's sake, hoped his present energy might earn him his privilege leave. With these and such-like christian thoughts welling in my breast, I went in search of the punkah coolie, who had spoilt

any chance I might have had of a night's rest, by finding it too hot to pull the punkah, but not to sleep himself. It was, as I have said, beautiful, glorious June, quite the height of the season for crime, because a slack time otherwise. The *rabi* or winter crop had long been reaped and garnered, and the patient villager was waiting for the monsoon to allow him to scratch the soil and put in his autumn crop.

It appears that the Chowkydar of Saraya had turned up the day before at the Ramgung Thannah, and reported that a wealthy banniah's house had been broken into, and property to the value of some hundreds of rupees had been carried off. The thannadar, or native police officer, in charge of the Station, mounted on his wall-eyed piebald pony, attended by the chowkydar carrying his bundle of papers, and a constable in the rear carrying the great man's huqqa, started for Saraya. They took up their abode at the headman's choupal, searched a house or two, to no purpose, and summoned in the chowkydars of the neighbouring villages, got out the list of old offenders in the Thannah, smoked, and enquired about any Nat encampments hereabouts. During the afternoon the District Superintendent arrived and made them

buzz. Having inspected the house where the burglary had taken place, made some personal enquiries, issued his orders as to the lines on which enquiry was to be pursued, he rode back to the Sadr, and arrived about sundown, hot, tired, and not over elated at his prospects of success. A week later, three persons having been arrested, one of whom, a boy named Gannai, aged about sixteen, having confessed and pointed out where some of the stolen property was hid, the police enquiry was completed. Three constables, with the recovered property, and the three accused, set out for the headquarters of the district on Saturday, 11th June. There let us follow them.

The Thannah was left at sunrise; the accused, fastened by a rope through their handcuffs, were led along, with three constables in attendance. They wended their way along the dusty country track, through bare, scorched, burnt-up fields, until noon, when they rested in a mango grove near a roadside well, partook of their mid-day meal, quenched their thirst, and started again on their journey, reaching the Sadr about 3 p.m. The headquarters of the district consisted of a native town of some 5,000 inhabitants, it boasted of six thatch-roofed bungalows, a

court-house, jail, dispensary, an old tank—a derelict of Nawabi days, now roofed in and used as a swimming bath—and a club house. The last, a long stuccoed building of one room with whitewashed walls, with a verandah all round. One half of this room was taken up with an old billiard table that had once belonged to a Native Infantry mess; now the colour of the cloth was an iron-mouldy brown, the spots on it at such intervals as the bearer-billiard marker had placed them at different periods. At the other end of the room were to be found some cane chairs, a round table littered with illustrated papers and magazines six months old, and a small bookcase with some two or three dozen novels, the latest of which had been published five years previously. The billiard table was lighted with a single lamp with a green shade over it, hanging from the centre of the ceiling, and the rest of the room was lighted by wall lamps, more or less, rather less, trimmed by a half-blind old Methuselah of a club bearer. A brown-baked, dry patch of ground without any grass on it, opposite the Club building, was the Station lawn tennis court. This half-acre of club house and tennis court provided the Station with all the recreation obtainable

within a hundred miles and more. On Saturday evenings, the library was lighted up for the weekly "Bumble-puppy rubber" at four anna points. Saturday was selected for this revelry, as Sunday was a "Europe Morning"—a day of rest, disturbed only once in six months, when an itinerating padré from Allahabad held one service in the district magistrate's court room.

Here it was on that particular Saturday in June, about 4 p.m., one of those June days just before the monsoon bursts: dust everywhere, in one's eyes and mouth, on every leaf and every blade of grass; the air so full of it that all around looked faint and obscure, like looking through a smoke-dimmed glass—

"Gazing through the window tats
Into the glaring noon,
Over miles of dusty flats,
That steam, and simmer, and swoon,
As the sun sunk into my brain
And numbed me down to the feet,
With throbs of the pangless pain,
The unutterable hardships of heat"—

I saw under the trees in the compound three men handcuffed, squatting on the ground, and near them, squatting on their hankers smoking, three yellow-legged police constables

—the party from the Ramgung Thannah. They were awaiting the native magistrate's order, before whom this burglary case had been laid. About six o'clock, just before the rising of the Court, the accused were called up and informed that, owing to press of work, their case could not be brought on before next Thursday, and that they were remanded to the jail lock-up until the following Thursday morning.

On the day appointed, the case was taken up. The youth, Gannai, asked leave to sit down, as he was in pain. On being questioned, he said the day before being sent in from the Thannah, he had been taken to Saraya by one Babu Ram constable and the chowkydar, and called on to point out the rest of the stolen property. As he could not do this, he had his hands tied behind him, had been laid on the ground on his face, and his back and legs daubed with the end of a sweeper's broom dipped in boiling oil. There was no doubt about it he had been badly burnt. His story was not a new one, by no means an improbable one, but in the present instance an untrue one. Anyhow, it hoodwinked the native magistrate, who thought there was a *prima facie* case; held in abeyance the burglary case, and committed the constable

and chowkydar to the Court of Sessions on a charge of voluntarily causing hurt to extort a confession. Of course Gannai promptly withdrew his original confession, and said it too had been extorted from him. This youth's story, as told by himself on three different occasions, once before the tahsildar, next before the native magistrate, and lastly before the Session Judge, was contradictory and full of glaring discrepancies. He had been badly burnt, that was undeniable. The question was, where, by whom, and by what means? The whole evidence, all the probabilities of the case, and all the surrounding circumstances showed that Gannai could not have been burnt in the manner he described at the time or place he mentioned, and by the parties he named. This was clear from the medical evidence. The youth had walked from the Thannah, twenty miles, on that Saturday morning, no marks were visible on him, he did not go lame, or even limp, made no complaint to any one, not after he was lodged in the lock-up, away from all police influence; had he been burnt, as he stated, it would have been physically impossible for him to have walked into the Sadr. As regards the probabilities, Gannai had already confessed to the tahsildar some days

previous to being sent into headquarters. Why then torture him to gain a confession already obtained? Was it likely the police would burn him all over on Friday night, and send him into the Sadr early Saturday morning covered with blisters, to their own sure detection? Gannai was admitted into the lock-up on Saturday evening, when he arrived at the Sadr, was searched, had the register form duly filled in to the effect that he had a mole on his right ear, that the small toe of his left foot was crooked, and that he had a wart on his right hand, but no mention was made of any burns. The next morning, Sunday, he was placed before the jail superintendent, no marks of burning or beating were detected; and yet the burns on his body when he appeared before the native magistrate on the Thursday were described as severe, and amounting to fifteen or sixteen in number on both legs! It was beyond dispute that, on Saturday, Gannai was made over to the jail authorities whole and sound, and had not then any injuries on his person. He was received in the lock-up sound on Saturday, and sent up to the magistrate the following Thursday suffering from serious injuries. Who burnt him? When was he

burnt? By what means were these injuries inflicted? What was the motive? It was for those who had charge of him under lock and key to explain how he came by these injuries.

Here are the answers to these questions which enquiry elicited. One Patti Singh, an ex-jemadar, a well-known bad character, was the head and ringleader of all the worst characters in the neighbourhood. The three accused were of his gang; he organised the robberies, his underlings carried them out, and he shared the profits. When the accused were arrested, Patti Singh interested himself on their behalf, and visited a relative at Pertabgarh, who was a member of the Municipal Board, and had a son-in-law as hospital assistant at the jail. The hospital assistant and his cousin, the "lock-up" warder, were bribed, and it was arranged that Gannai was to be blistered, so that he might urge that his confession implicating the other two old offenders, Kandhai and Ramdin, had been obtained by torture. The other evidence against these men, such as identification on a dark night, etc., was weak, but Gannai's confession, coupled with the giving up of the stolen property, was damaging, and if only that confession could be shown to have been extorted,

they were bound to get off. A very pretty little plot this, hatched in the "Lokil Sluff" representative's house! The hospital assistant went off primed with what he was to do. Gannai had to consent, for having split on his pals. On Sunday night, in his cell, Gannai was blistered. The blisters were caused by the application of some blistering juice, such as *liquor letti*, or oil of vitriol. When the blisters had risen, they were cut and dressed. On Wednesday night a gentle irritant was applied, and all was kept dark until Gannai appeared in court on Thursday morning, when the torture story was sprung on a too confiding native magistrate, in the hopes of getting Kandhai and Ramdin set free, and the police paid out for their officiousness in interfering with Patti Singh's burglaring monopoly. It's a wicked world, and things don't turn out as they ought. Instead of the accused getting off, they had the hospital assistant and some of the jail officials on the same treadmill with them within a month of the meeting at the municipal member's house. The latter had qualified for a seat on the Legislative Council!

The Indian policeman's post is no bed of roses. It must be remembered that under

native régimes there were no police. The landlord was responsible for the detection of crime. Torture was a legitimate means of obtaining evidence. I have come across numbers of mutilated beings, victims of this system. I remember an old man in the Gonda district, a Barwar, who had had both his hands and his nose cut off for pocket-picking at a fair; but he was a Mark Tapley, and turned his misfortunes to gain. He used to attend bathing fairs at Ajodhia, dressed up as an ogre, and while gaping crowds thronged to witness this display, his Barwar brethren did a thriving trade in picking their pockets. The police get no assistance from the landlords, who often harbour culprits, and share in the proceeds of thefts. The police are looked upon by the masses as a nuisance, while the power of arrest, without which they cannot work, is a genuine terror. They have to deal with scores of criminal tribes, Khanjurs, Sansiahs, Nats, Miwates, Harburas, Aheryas, Bahelyas, Barwars, and others, tribes who have from time immemorial lived by crime. Criminals not only by inclination, but born to crime, brought up to it, dedicated to it at the shrine of their gods. Men born in a "caste" of crime,

overmastered by it, and their life-trade crime. We have a highly elaborate police system, while the *personnel* in the ranks is admittedly corrupt and incompetent, hence the police administration must be more or less defective, especially as honest and intelligent handling of crime in the earliest and most important stage of police investigation is essential. The force is regarded with a suspicion which would be enough itself to make most men dishonest. It has been truly said, "Men will not long submit to being thought corrupt, without reaping some of the advantages of corruption." There is no better way of making a man respect himself than to show him that he is respected. No surer way of demoralizing a man than to reckon him demoralized beforehand. Native police officers have often complained to me that the attitude of suspicion towards them by European judges and native magistrates itself drove men into corruption. They said, "Condemnations are slung at us in judgments, our characters blasted, our reputations ruined on onesided statements without the possibility of reply. Is this fair? Is this kind of treatment likely to enhance our self-respect?"

No one who has not practically worked with them can know the difficulties the police have to contend with in their dealings with the native criminal classes. The policeman's work is judged by statistics, where the conviction of a possibly innocent man looks better than his acquittal, so far as "averages" are concerned. Is it anything to be surprised at that the policeman naturally devotes himself to that which pays best and answers most, and faithfully follows in the footsteps of his masters, slaves of the immutable law of averages? He would be more than human if he did not. The numerical test, applied in this way, can hardly be called a success. Upon my word, if you saw the results of this "numerical test mania" as district officers see them, not from rose-coloured official reports full of wrong inferences, but from the actual work as seen below the surface, you would, I am sure, be inclined to say that the police are less to blame than those unpractical theorists who, by their purely statistical tests, positively abet dishonest work.

There is another matter to be considered. Does the jail administration back up the police? This point of how far the present character of the jail administration is punitive and deterrent

is a factor for consideration, as it is obviously closely related to the prevalence of crime. It can hardly be gainsaid that the present sentimental policy of pampering the criminal classes in jail materially diminishes the deterrent effects of the law. The test by which a jail superintendent is judged is, that he turns out a prisoner, when released, so many pounds heavier than when he came in; hence incarceration in jail has lost most of its terrors for the hardened criminal. Prisoners are better housed, clothed, and fed, than the honest public that pays for the up-keep of the jail. Many a criminal makes the jail a kind of annual "Monsoon Club" during the rainy season, has to pay no entrance donation or subscription, and is kept free of all cost. The greatest menace you can use towards 50 per cent. of the prisoners, is *to threaten to turn them out of jail.* This soon brings them to their senses if inclined to be lazy or refractory. As a body, the police come in for abuse and wholesale suspicion altogether in excess of their demerits. Nevertheless, in spite of all defects, the fact remains: life and property are more secure than ever they were under any previous régime; serious crime is committed with far less impunity than

it ever was a quarter of a century ago; there is little violent crime; and protection to life and property is as complete as in England. As regards remedial measures, the first thing to be done is to improve the stamp of district superintendent, and to supply an adequate and efficient controlling staff; this is being done, and we may reasonably anticipate an improvement in tone in the subordinate grades. For the better and higher class of natives the Service must be made more popular; the pay of inspectors and sub-inspectors raised, not that the increase of pay and improvement in prospects will raise the men now in the force above temptation, but because it will render falling less excusable. Men of good family and good education should be allowed promotion in the judicial line. This is being done. For the rank and file, the numbers should be decreased, and the pay of the remainder increased; a considerable decrease might be made in the regular force by taking away from the police the duty of serving summonses. Landed proprietors must be made to act up to their duties, and render active co-operation in the detection and putting down of crime, within the limits of their estates. Some five years ago, certain

sections were added to the Penal Code regarding harbouring offenders. These sections do not appear to have received from district officers the attention they demand. Last year, some 100,000 headmen of villages in the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, reported some 4,000 cases, 10 per cent. of which were in their ordinary capacity as complainants! It is but a truism to assert that of recent years "the defence has gained strength all round at the expense of the prosecution." The proper prosecution of crime is impossible, unless and until articulate expression is obtained in the Courts through the mouth of a proper representative in the shape of a Government pleader, who can, in some measure, hold his own against the pick of the legal luminaries pitted against him by the accused. All the more is this necessary in native magistrates' courts, where the magistrate is more timid of responsibility, more susceptible to extraneous influence, such as the Vernacular Press and the native Bar; and more nervously afraid of European barristers than are European officers. All this tends to secure a greater immunity to the criminal, and disheartens the police. Lastly, as regards the masses, we must, I

suppose, wait on the slow growth of general enlightenment until they can be brought to recognise that, on their timidity and natural cowardice, the corruption of the police is mainly dependent. It is for the masses to apply the chief remedy; crime cannot be detected or suppressed unless the community co-operates with the law,—

> "For not 'tis writ from alien source
> Alone, can nations thrive;
> No, but from within must come the force
> To save their souls alive."

Chapter XV

A CRIMINAL TRIBE

"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still."

—*Pope.*

IT is necessary to bear in mind that a great deal of the crime committed in India is the work of tribes who from time immemorial have looked on crime as a legitimate occupation—who fully believe that in following ancestral custom lies their only hope of salvation. You must, with regard to these tribes, disabuse your mind of all ideas of habitual criminals in England—the two stand on a different platform altogether. There are some two score of such tribes roaming over Northern India, that is, the Punjab, North-Western Provinces, and Oudh. If you meet a Barwar, or Sansiah, or Habura, whatever he may outwardly appear to be, you know that inwardly he is a criminal, a man whose caste, religion, and trade are crime. Born in it, dedicated to it, the son, grandson, and

great-grandson of criminals from time immemorial. Sitting in one's easy chair at home in England, this is difficult to realise; all the same, it is a fact in the land of "castes," and in judging and dealing with these tribes in general, and individual members in particular, it is necessary to bear this fact in mind.

Some centuries ago, a woman went down to bathe in the Gogra at Ajodhia. Sitting about idly were some Kurmis, watching the cumbrous sails of river craft in the distance marking the river's course through the distant sandy waste. Their attention was drawn to some crows that hovered about the articles of wearing apparel that had been left on the sands by the bather. Finally, one of the crows pecked at a pearl necklace lying on a handkerchief, and flew off with it. Here you have the origin of the Barwar's trade in its traditional form. The idle watchers sitting on the sands were Barwars, and they said to each other, "If a valuable article can be so easily taken off by a crow, why should we not be able to do likewise?" So they attended bathing fairs, and for a livelihood picked pockets. This was a long, long time ago. The Barwars formed a regular organization; they chose their chiefs; every child

born to them is dedicated to this trade of theft, regularly initiated into it according to certain religious forms; a member was outcasted if he gave up the trade. Their god was one Panch Puria; he is a visible ornament in every Barwar's household. The sacrifice he is supposed to mostly desire is a fowl, and each household sacrifices one to him annually. The district of Gonda, in Oudh, is the head-quarters of this tribe. They number under five thousand all told. They are Kurmis by caste, and Kurmis, as a rule, belong to one of the most industrious classes of the rural population; but long ago the Barwar discarded labour, with its hardships and precarious returns, for the less arduous, more exciting, and remunerative occupation of pocket-picking. Their open and professed avocation is petty theft, which they have, by exercise of skill and system, brought to perfection, and are as clever in eluding the vigilance of the police as in the exercise of their profession as thieves. They are addicted to open air and broad daylight operations, and are not guilty of violence. The youths generally commit the actual theft, which an elder member of the gang directs by preconcerted signal. The rules of their religion restrict their operations to

between sunrise and sunset. Since we started railways, they have turned their attention to this class of business on railways, disguising themselves as soldiers, tradesmen, mendicants, shop-keepers, etc.; they "travel about a bit" easing the public of their substance. They are also partial to robbing places of worship, temples and shrines; only two such places, the Pooree Juggernath Temple, and the Mahometan Shrine of Sayyad Salar at Bahraitch, are the exceptions to the rule; about 60 per cent. of the adult males have put in some portion of their life in jail. Every year, after the rains are over, they make predatory excursions. Bengal is their favourite field, and the Juggernath Fair their Derby. But some of these light-fingered gentry are always to be found at every bathing fair within three or four hundred miles of their head-quarters. About fifteen years ago I spent a month amongst them at their country residences—huts built of the familiar wattle and daub. It was during the cold weather, and I camped about from one Barwar village to another. We were trying to reform this tribe, had had a census made of them, and had been good enough, for their own sakes, to proclaim them under the Criminal

Tribes Act. We had not confined the whole tribe bodily within four walls, as we had the Sansiahs at Sultanpur, but had kindly allowed them to live in their villages under certain restrictions, such as "roll-calls," "passes," "domiciliary visits," just to let them appreciate the interest they afforded to a paternal Government. It was our intention to make them honest and laborious, by giving each family "five acres and a goat," and by teaching the "young idea" how to read and write, in the hope that the rising generation would come to despise and shun the thieving traditions of centuries—a very pretty but somewhat simple notion, and one that, if it is to take root and bring forth fruit, will require a good deal of that article one cannot spare without "spoiling the child."

To a practical mind, living among the Barwars, seeing their ways, and hearing their ideas, it appeared as though there was a good deal of bunkum in the platitudes about "encouraging the Barwars to devote their minds to education, in the hope of securing for themselves honourable appointments in the public service." This kind of twaddle serves its purpose, as lending a comical side to one's somewhat arduous duties.

Some of these resolutions, solemnly published in Government gazettes, are quite as good, and funnier, than many skits that appear in *Punch*.

I enjoyed my visit to this Barwar colony, and spent several mornings in finding out, what I knew before, that in a family of three adults, I should find A. at home tending his five acres, and his wife milking the goat; B. away, of course no one knew where, but you might safely conjecture; and C. also absent, but he was accounted for, in jail. I once took a Lieutenant-Governor round some Barwar villages. If only it had not been highly insubordinate, I should much have liked to have given him the odds on what would be the result of his inspection; but of course this was impossible. As a rule, Lieutenant-Governors don't joke when on serious duty, notwithstanding that Ali Baba said he "knew a Lieutenant-Governor of the South-Eastern Provinces once who complained that the presence of a clergyman rendered nine-tenths of his vocabulary contraband, and choked up his fountains of anecdote!" After this inspection visit, we had the usual "Minute," and this was what it came to: "One or more members of most of the families was absent, presumably on a thieving expedi-

tion, or was in prison." The experiment had been going on ten years. I daresay by now some of the Barwars have been elected as members of a "Local Representative Board." Why not? A kurmi is better any day than a chamar or teli. The Barwars did not express to me any great desire for the Franchise; but the ladies were loud in their disapprovement of "roll-calls," also as to the necessity of "passes" for leaving the village, and they marked their disapproval of the treatment they were receiving in a truly feminine way, by naming the children now born to them as *Dukhedi* (the gift of annoyance), *Bipatdei* (the offspring of calamity), *Jaizadei* (a roll-call production), and so on, instead of as heretofore "Gangadei," "Ramdei," "Bhagwandei."

I sympathized with the ladies, and certainly thought they had a real grievance. For, as a rule, they are peaceable stay-at-homes, not given to roving abroad, or committing petty larcenies and pilferings, though they occasionally do a turn this way indoors, if they can get inside a zenana. The "pass" system, too, was hard on them, and put them to much inconvenience in the performance of necessary ceremonies, procuring fuel and household sup-

plies; and further, this restriction prevented the women from adding to their scanty means by day labour. The men, too, were full of complaints, naturally, as for generations they had, with little trouble, made much, they were not likely to care about hard toil and labour and a bare subsistence, let alone that they had been deprived of their regular season's outing, and the excitements of their calling. But one could not bring oneself to sympathise with these despoilers of the public. One morning, when I was visiting a village called Jaitapore, I came across a Barwar of the name of Manohur. He was about forty years old. He had lost his nose and both his hands. We had a chat under a mhowa tree, and he told me that his hands and nose were taken off the same day in the Nawabi, by the orders of a Chukladar, because he had been caught in the act of picking the pocket of the Chukladar's agent. He did not complain of this—it was the custom—as he was stupid enough to get caught; he only got what he knew he would. No, what he complained against was our action in confining him to his village just at the time of the annual Adjodhia bathing fair. He said for years he had regularly attended this fair, dressed up as

an ogre. He had a "show gent" who informed the public that the ogre existed on dead bodies only, and was a kind of oracle, and ever ready to receive private confessions, and, for a consideration, to grant absolution. While the gaping crowd were looking at this object in wonderment, his accomplices improved the opportunity to do a brisk business. His share was 10 per cent. of the loot! He considered there had been an interference with his prescriptive rights, and he bitterly felt the loss of his popularity, and resented the restrictions under which he was now placed. His adventurous and ingenious occupation had exercised a fascination over him, which no "roll-calls," "passes," or any amount of goody-goody advice would ever conquer. He made an offer. He said, "If the Government would only allow him to attend the three annual fairs in the district, he would give up"—what? I was in expectation—"his share of the land allotted to his family, and the district officer might have the goat!" He was a true sportsman was Manohur, but his offer wasn't accepted. In the village of Boroha I came across a man of the name of Darshan, who had had his nose cut off for eloping with his neighbour's wife, but he

was not in it with Manohur of Jaitapore in the "ogre" roll. I also visited Bithora, which is the head-quarters of the Barwars. It is here that all cases of disputes amongst the tribe are submitted to the Barwar elders for decision, and here also their spoils are divided after having assigned a certain percentage to their particular deities.

Every Lieutenant-Governor, you must know, has a special hobby, and five years to run it. There was one once whose special hobbies were water-works and the reformation of criminal tribes. The former hobby brought half a dozen large municipalities to the verge of ruin, and raised fever mortality. Under cloak of the latter, a whole criminal tribe of Sansiahs was locked up within four walls, surrounded by sentries, because, as the Governor opined, the chief and primary object of the Criminal Tribes Act was not reformation so much as restraint; and the said Lieutenant-Governor had abandoned all hope of a successful reformation of the present generation of Sansiahs. The Sansiahs grumbled, and bred more profusely in confinement than out of it. They found themselves better housed and better fed than they ever had been in their lives, and with more time

to attend to their wives. A subsequent Lieutenant-Governor, of course, had other fads, and so he let the whole lot out of durance vile, in the hope, I suppose, of putting a check on the supply. When Lieutenant-Governors thus disagree, who shall decide? It never does to prophesy, but under the circumstances one may, without fear of being very far out, suggest that a long time will have to elapse before we see the end of the criminal tribes in India. They are like a good deal else in India—a difficult nut to crack. There are a number of "skilled measurer probationers" available, qualified for the work; why not turn them on to these criminal tribes to carry out anthropometrical measurements, or, better still, employ men to carry out the Inspector-General of Police of Bengal's system of finger impressions? This last system appears to be fairly practical, and would materially help in the identification of any of the pickpockets, when arrested in their nefarious practices—a case of biter bit, as the fingers would tell the tale of the light-fingered gent. "This system proceeds upon the ascertained fact that no two persons are alike in the arrangement of the ridges and furrows of the skin on the tips of the digits, and that conse-

quently an impression taken of these markings is an absolutely certain basis of identification, and easily mastered in a few minutes. The taking of these impressions is a simple process, the only care required being that they shall be 'legible,' that is, not blurred or smeared. The necessity for skilled and qualified measurers does not exist, and there is scarcely any possibility of error." Bad news for the criminal tribes. First photographed, then anthropometically measured, but, worst of all, finger-tips impressed!

Chapter XVI

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT LUCKNOW

"Royal deeds
May make long destinies for multitudes."
—*George Eliot.*

IN the present day, when travelling by steamer and railway is made so easy, there must be many who have during the winter made a trip to India, and paid a visit and spent some pleasant days at Lucknow, the capital of Oudh, who will in this account of the Prince of Wales's visit to Lucknow in January, 1876, be able to follow H.R.H.'s footsteps along routes familiar to themselves. On that memorable occasion not only were all the offices and places of business temporarily closed, but the whole city and suburbs were decked out in holiday dress. The variety of buildings, the gilded domes and cupolas, the outlines of tombs and mosques, and such edifices as the Kaiser Bagh, the Chatter Munzil, the Farhat

Bux, and the Muchi Bhawan, with its world-famed Emambarah, and the lofty minarets of the Jamma Masjid in the background; in front the "elevated plateau of land, irregular in shape" occupied by the ruins of the Residency—where during the dark days of 1857 "ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew"; in the far distance, the Martiniere with its Pompey-like pillar, and further yet the ruins of the Dilkhusha Palace; these and other buildings, set in the green of the surrounding trees and grassy parks, with every here and there a peep of the winding Gumti river, spanned by the old Nawabi bridge, near the Machi Bhawan Fort, and the wooden suspension-like bridge opposite the fatal Secunder Bagh; all these make up a scene not to be equalled, and certainly not to be surpassed anywhere in the plains of Northern India. A bird's-eye view of what is here described may be obtained any day from the top of the minarets in the fort, or from the roof of the great Imambara, or the lofty height of the clock tower of the Hosseniabad Imambara.

In the Martiniere Park was spread a sea of canvas, the tents of visitors to Lucknow. Behind the Hyat Buksh, known as Banks'

House, a position held by the rebels during the Mutiny, stood on the present occasion the camp of H.R.H.'s suite. During the earlier portions of that Thursday, the 6th January, the last finishing touches were given to what had to be done at the Charbagh Railway Station. At the station itself, a domed canopy with Jainic decorations had been erected on the platform, immediately opposite the spot where the Royal saloon drew up. The pillars of the verandah were decorated with banners and heraldic shields tastefully arranged. On the platform were assembled members of the ex-Royal family of Oudh, the talukdars in dresses of Oriental splendour and extravagance, the city notables, and members of the Municipal Boards, the military and civil staff, and European residents. Inside the station enclosure was a Guard of Honour of the 14th Regiment with band, on their left flank, the escort of the 13th Hussars, and a squadron of Fane's Horse. A Battery of Artillery was posted on the open space, on the east side, to fire the salute on the Prince's arrival. The route to Government House by the Cawnpore road, over Nasurudin Hyder's Canal, was lined with troops. Within the Government House grounds was drawn up a

Guard of Honour of the 65th Regiment. No sooner had the Royal carriage reached Government House, than the second Battery boomed forth the Royal salute. The shades of evening lengthened into night, the booming of cannon ceased, the clatter of horses' hoofs died away, the mingled hum of the vast multitude who had turned out in their thousands to greet the Prince became fainter and fainter as they dispersed to their homes; and here, on the spot where some eighteen years previously the mutineers had strongly fortified themselves, and Hodson had breathed his last, history recorded that the first Prince of Wales who ever visited India took up his abode during his visit to the province of Oudh, the Garden of India.

Early next morning all was astir. In the camp of H.R.H.'s suite, chargers were to be seen being walked to and fro before the tents; in fact, so eager were the visitors to see the beauties of Lucknow, in the early morning of a cold-weather day, that some eighteen of them wanted to ride on fifteen horses. The problem was solved, by the three who could not obtain "mounts," driving.

It was a fine bright morning, with a keen

sharp bracing feel, reminding one of a November morning in the old country. And certainly Lucknow was looking its best. At 11 o'clock the day's work commenced in earnest for the Prince, with a levée of the civil and military officers, followed by a reception of the members of the ex-royal family and the city notables. Then came a visit to the Martiniere.

In the afternoon H.R.H. laid the foundation-stone of the memorial presented by Lord Northbrook, to the memory of the gallant dead, who fell in a defence that holds so grand a place in history's page, men who although of a different colour and creed yet bravely faced the most fearful odds, and cheerfully laid down their lives in the service of strangers and aliens, for England's Queen and England's cause. The native survivors of that illustrious garrison were present. The Prince's route lay from Government House down Hazratgunge, past the Chatter Munzil, along the Gumti banks to the "Redan," or "Sam Lawrence's Battery," passing between the cemetery, where formerly stood "Evans' Battery," and the Residency House, the Royal carriage drew up just short of the Old Bailey Guard Gate. In front of the Bailey Guard all was in preparation for the

impressive ceremony the Prince was going to take a principal part in. Close by, the room in which the greatest of the Lawrence brothers breathed his last, on the very threshold where the gallant Aitken, with his handful of natives, kept for months, against fearful odds, the Bailey Gate. On his right hand, the spot where Outram and Havelock entered the Residency, close behind him the Bailey Guard itself, riddled with bullets, and made roofless by ruthless shell, with the survivors of the besieged garrison drawn up on three sides of a square, Albert Edward, acknowledging by his presence the service of that little band, those gone before and those who still remained, laid the foundation-stone of the Northbrook memorial,—

To the Memory of
THE NATIVE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS
Who fell in the defence of Lucknow.

After the ceremony was over H.R.H., with that tact that never fails him, expressed his desire to have presented to him all the suvivors of the siege then present. This was done by Major Cubitt, V.C., one of the heroes of Chinhat, and was a boon which will be appreciated by those

faithful old native veterans, as long as life lasts. The famous Cossid Ungud, and Kavanagh's companion, Kanauji Lal, were made much of, and their deeds of daring and fidelity dwelt on by Dr. Fayrer; so ended a most impressive, picturesque, and successful ceremony, a scene not easily effaced from the memory of those who witnessed it.

The Prince had been hard at work since early dawn, but there was much yet to be got through before he could rest. After but a brief respite for dinner, vehicles of every description were rumbling away on their way to the Kaiser Bagh, a palace built in the reign of Wajid Ali Shah. The Kaiser Bagh is in appearance a square; in the centre is situated the Baradari, the building in which the prince was entertained by the Barons of Oudh.

The Baradari is surrounded by tastefully laid-out gardens, on the north side of which rise the tombs of Nawab Sadat Ali Khan and Murshed Zadi; and opposite this north entrance stands the gate where the gallant Neil met his death wound. The approach to the Kaiser Bagh was one blaze of light, and the two mausoleums at the entrance looked as if streams of liquid fire ran from dome to founda-

tion. Over the entrance gateway was a device of the Prince of Wales's feathers. The Kaiser Bagh, which lends itself to illumination, looked like fairy land, and the fireworks which followed the address were a great success. These fêtes were not over until late, and it was past midnight before H.R.H. retired to rest.

The next morning broke propitious; a bright, fresh morning followed a calm, still, moonlight night. A few clouds showed themselves in small, snowy flakes, and the winter rain which usually falls at this season held off. We had not "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" to proclaim that this day a boar must die, but all the surroundings evidenced that on "a hunting" the Royal party were bent. About seven o'clock guns and tiffin baskets began to put in an appearance at the station, and stalwart native shikarries were to be seen packing the railway cars, as those who followed not the boar were going in another direction after snipe. Telegrams had come the day before from Unao, some forty miles down the line, of fighting tuskers marked down, and all were evidently eager for the fray.

The Prince of Wales, and with him Lord Charles Beresford, Generals Sam Browne and

Probyn, Lord Carington, Major Sartorius, the Prince of Battenburg and Lord Alfred Paget (the last meant doing business on an elephant), arrived at the station about 8 a.m. A temporary station had been erected at Sekandarpur, some five miles from Unao. The forty miles from Lucknow was accomplished in an hour and a quarter, then there was a five-miles drive to camp; here the inner man was refreshed, horses and spears looked to, and everything got in readiness for the start. The riding ground was reached by eleven o'clock. The country selected was the "Ganges Cup country," near Tannah. The ground was roughish, but on the whole a fair specimen of pig-sticking ground. Four parties were made up. H.R.H., General Probyn, Lord Suffield and Lord C. Beresford formed the first party. I forget how the others shuffled themselves. Ten elephants were out to keep the line. Mounted on different elephants were Lord Alfred Paget, General Sam Browne, Dr. Fayrer and Major Bradford.

All the Prince's suite were on the field one way or another, save Major Henderson, Dr. Russell, and Canon Duckworth. H.R.H. was mounted on Cockney. The fun was fast

and furious, and spills came apace, Lords Carington and Beresford and Colonel Owen Williams all bit the dust. Lord Carington's fall was a nasty one. He and Colonel Williams were riding somewhat jealous and very hard, when the pig darted across the horse of the latter, and "jinked" under Lord Carington's horse, bringing horse and rider to the ground all of a lump. Dr. Fayrer was down off his elephant like an eagle on to his prey, and soon the broken shoulder blade was set, the invalid placed on an elephant, and taken to the tiffin rendezvous. After smoking a cigar, when the rest resumed their sport, Lord Carington was carried off to camp in a palki. This accident happened just before tiffin, and when eight head had been scored to the hunt. Where all rode well, comparison is invidious; suffice it to say H.R.H. was in the thick of the fray, made the English horse gallop, and success crowned his efforts with one "first" spear, not by any means an easy matter off a big English horse on such ground as he was riding over. Lord Carington's fall was not the only mishap. The victuals reached their destination safely; but, alas! the equally, if not more important liquor had gone astray. Anyhow things righted

themselves in the end, and tiffin was taken in picnic fashion. The exciting sport had given an edge to the appetite, and of the snipe, teal and quail provided, many on that day on the Ganges banks doubtlessly thought—

> "Non afra avis descendat in ventrum meum,
> Non Attagen Ionicus
> Jucundior."

That same evening there was a State dinner at Government House, and afterwards a "small and early" at the Chatter Munzil. Notwithstanding ninety miles rail journey, a ten-miles drive, and five hours in the saddle, H.R.H. put in an appearance at the Chatter Munzil, and for two hours danced as hard as any one in the room.

The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Mail* have only lately found out all about "seven days' labour." The Prince knew all about this long ago, and took good care that the day after the Unao meet, a Sunday, should be a day of complete rest. William Howard Russell and I spent the morning in a stroll over the ground the old *Times* correspondent had known so well some twenty years before. We started from the Canal Bridge near the Hyath Buksh, where the mutineers had entrenched themselves in

1857, during Havelock's advance on Lucknow. We wended our way down Hazratgunge, past the road between the Kurshed Munzil and the Moti Mahal, where Colin Campbell joined hands with Outram and Havelock; past the Chatter Munzil, through the Residency to the Muchi Bhawan, where we struck across the broken ground to the Chandni-Chowk, and home by the Kaiser Bagh, Zahur Buksh and Dar-ul-Shuffa. Russell was completely befogged, and over and over again said, "I don't know my way about a bit; it's all new; the old Lucknow hereabouts has been improved off the earth. Where there were streets, bazaars and palaces, there are now parks, gardens and openings."

"The Place" from Hazratgunge to the Chatter Munzil had, in his day, been a mass of streets and houses. It was now an open, park-like space. At first, an avenue of quick-growing cotton trees had been planted along the whole distance on each side of the Mall. Later an avenue of young tamarind trees had been put in some paces back. When the time came for rooting up the cotton trees, a blind Municipal Committee objected. The life or death of the Tamarind Avenue was nothing to them.

The beautifying of "The Place" was less joy to them than pig-headed obstruction; so the energetic district officer refrained from wasting his breath and losing his temper in argument, sat tight, and one night, between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m., had out a couple of hundred coolies, and cleared the cotton trees off the face of Lucknow. The "city fathers" raved. Every one else said it was a vast improvement, and the right thing had been done. Russell was somewhat upset at the state of the Imámbara in the Muchi Bhawan Fort. But that is all different now. The fort has been razed; the Imambara is no longer an arsenal, but has been restored to the Mahometans.

The visit of the Duke of Edinburgh during Lord Mayo's régime, and the Prince of Wales' visit during Lord Northbrook's Viceroyalty, were welcomed with every mark of loyalty, and paved the way for the people to understand the Proclamation of New Year's Day, 1877, when Her Majesty was proclaimed as Reigning Empress of India; and, to cement this bond, later on came a third son, the Duke of Connaught, not on a short visit, but to stay and associate himself with his native brethren, Gurkas, Sikhs, Pathans, Rajputs, and others, in

arms, and command a Brigade in India. He, too, in December, 1883, followed in the steps of his elder brothers and visited Lucknow.

On Monday morning the Prince presented colours to the First Battalion of Her Majesty's 8th Foot, before all the troops in the garrison—the 14th Foot, 65th Foot, three Batteries of Artillery, three Battalions of Native Infantry, two Regiments of Bengal Cavalry, and a Battalion of Lucknow Volunteers. The Prince was much impressed with the march past of the 11th Bengal Infantry. The same afternoon he left for Cawnpore, and thus ended his four days' visit to Lucknow, of which, no doubt, he still carries with him many happy recollections, and maybe Deighton Probyn sometimes whispers in his ear:—

"Now when in after days we boast
Of many wild boars slain,
Let's not forget our runs to toast,
Or run them o'er again."

(This chapter has been compiled from some letters I wrote to the *Calcutta Englishman* in January, 1876.)

Chapter XVII

SOME BAD BARGAINS

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done."

—*Shakespeare.*

I HAVE pointed out in previous chapters that the district officer in India is always surrounded by bribed, blackmail-extorting underlings, whom he cannot trust; native clerks who mislay important papers, omit telling points in police diaries, interject Delphic utterances on police procedure, suborn evidence, and abet the falsification of documents; that, in his attempt to do justice, he has to plough his way through "billowy seas of perjury"; has to deal with a police force, the *personnel* in the ranks of which is admittedly corrupt and incompetent; and, in cases before him, has to be prosecutor as well as judge; for, as a rule, the defence is ably represented, while the prosecution is practically voiceless. This is hard enough, but it is by no

means all he has to contend against. The worst of all is, he has to make over cases for trial to dishonest native magistrates, and sit as a kind of detective over them to see they don't go astray. Mr. Stevens, in his book, *In India*, says: "The native magistrates and judges are corrupt. A case is adjourned, and adjourned, and adjourned, every time on a plausible pretext, for months. Meanwhile, the judge's jackals are out in the villages hinting to the suitor that, if he will but agree to this or that compromise, the cause shall be heard and settled at once. As a rule, they take bribes from each side, and then decide the case on its merits. The man of really scrupulous honesty takes the same present from each side, and then—just like our own Lord Bacon—returns the money to the loser." This is plain, unvarnished truth —not an iota of exaggeration in this statement. You have to live in this atmosphere to be able to fully realise these hideous facts. I had a tahsildar, or subordinate magistrate, once at Rai Bareli, who took money from both sides—as much as he could get. He decided in favour of the party who paid most, and then wrote a judgment which couldn't hold water on appeal; and told the other side to appeal, for he was

bound to get off, and kept the money of both! I will give you one or two examples out of hundreds that have come under my own observation. The following are no solitary instances, but in some form or another everyday occurrences in every district in India.

A dastardly murder had been committed. The enquiry was taken up by an intelligent and experienced European inspector of police; after much labour and trouble, he managed to obtain sufficient evidence to make out a good *prima facie* case against a Brahmin of the name of Ramdin. The case was made over to a native magistrate of long standing, drawing a salary of some £600 per annum. This magistrate, at the conclusion of his enquiry, released the accused. The inspector came to me with the record, argued the case, and showed plainly that, on the evidence as recorded, there was a good case against Ramdin. The inspector said, "I know, as a fact, that the magistrate took 1,000 rupees from Ramdin's father to release his son; but the man who advanced this sum to Ramdin's father, and those who could testify to the giving of this bribe, will not admit what they know in any court." I sent for the magistrate, and went over his proceedings with

him, and asked him why, on the evidence, he had not committed the accused to take his trial at the Court of Sessions. He said, "I didn't believe the witnesses." I replied, "You will re-arrest Ramdin, and commit him to the Court of Sessions on the evidence as it stands, and let the Sessions judge and the assessors decide as to the credibility of the witnesses." The magistrate asked me to transfer the case, and not make him commit it, as he had publicly recorded his opinion that the case had not been made out, and to force him to commit it would, as he termed it, "blacken his face." I am afraid the deepest of blacks would have looked pale against this gentleman's character. I said, "No; you will yourself commit the case, under orders if you like, and record any reasons you care to give for disbelieving the evidence." Ramdin was committed to the Court of Sessions, tried, convicted, sentenced, hanged. I then told the inspector to send for Ramdin's father, and ask him what he had gained by trying to bribe the magistrate, for he had lost his 1,000 rupees, and his son had been hanged for murder. The old man said to the inspector, "Yes, I gave the magistrate 1,000 rupees; but if you have me up before any court, I'll deny it. I

did not lose my 1,000 rupees, for, when the district officer forced the magistrate to commit the case to the Court of Sessions, the magistrate sent for me and returned me the money." Why, I can hear you ask, are such things allowed to go on? Because, as Mr. Stevens has told us in his book, *In India*, though everybody suspects, and hundreds of natives know, you cannot get a man to come forward and say, "I paid the magistrate such a sum," and prove it. Of course not, for the man who paid is the man who profits; and, he might have added, because in the eyes of the law he is equally guilty as the bribe-taker, and he isn't going to run himself in.

Here is another case. A Mahometan magistrate, the cousin of a Puisne Judge of the High Court, a man who had been educated at Cambridge, had gone up for the Indian Civil Service, and failed; had had five or six years English education at a University and in London, where he read for the Bar; came back to India, and was appointed to Government Service as a magistrate. He was an inveterate bribe-taker, sunk so low as to take a rupee bribe in petty cases; native rumour put the sum yet lower, at four annas. I accused him directly of this

infamous habit; he didn't deny the soft impeachment, neither would he admit it. One day he launched out a bit too far; he had to survey a riparian village on the Rapti river, and to report as to the ownership of the alluvial land. The claimants were a rich rajah and a poor community of peasant holders. The official, nothing daunted, wrote to the rajah and offered to decide in his favour for 3,000 rupees—he was a fool to commit himself to paper. The rajah was an advanced English-speaking landlord, and had undoubtedly a good title to this accretion; so, on receipt of this offer, he simply put it into an envelope, and sent it on to me. Of course I reported the matter. Subsequent proceedings were somewhat funny. The magistrate was sent for by the Secretary to Government; he was ignorant as to what had happened, and was anxiously awaiting the rajah's reply. When asked what he meant by offering the rajah 3,000 rupees to decide in his favour, he totally denied ever having done so, said the accusation was the wicked story of an enemy. Faced with his own letter, he was speechless. He ought, I think, to have been prosecuted, but he was not. He was told to sit down and write his resignation of the service

then and there, or stand his trial under the Indian Penal Code. He sat down and wrote his resignation, went home, and the same evening wrote to the secretary for a letter of recommendation for employment with the Hyderabad Government. Now this was a man well-born, well-educated, had had an University education, had associated for years with Europeans in England, was well paid, and had a good pension in prospect. Still these advantages could not raise him above the temptation to take bribes. It was before such men that Lord Ripon wanted to send Englishmen and Englishwomen to be tried. Was there any wonder at the storm raised by the Ilbert Bill?

A native judge, a man of good birth, of liberal education, a man of good social position, and one who had travelled, and had been specially employed in Egypt in the eighties, once said to me: "You English do not realise the gulf that there is between you and the natives of this country. You, from your infancy in your nurseries, are brought up to respect truth and hate lying, and are whipped as children for telling stories. Your public school and college career are such that, if you are not honest and straightforward, you are boycotted, put out of caste.

The greatest insult you can offer a man in your country is to call him a liar. Now that is all different in India. Our infancy is passed in an atmosphere of lies; and if we do wrong, we are taught not to confess it, but make lying excuses. We are brought up amongst home influences prejudicial to telling the truth; we lie and are lied for. This is the ordinary routine. Consequently, with the absence of all public opinion against lying, our bringing up, surroundings, the atmosphere in which we live, are totally different to yours; and then you judge us, and condemn us, according to your moral code! Is it any matter of surprise that a man brought up in an atmosphere of deceit, and educated to consider peculation as venial, is untrustworthy and dishonest? Why should you expect these men, merely from the fact of being employed in a certain line, to have a higher morality than that prevailing in the environment in which they were bred? You talk about the bribe-taking, and the dishonesty of native officials, but what more do you do than talk? You suspect all, honest as well as dishonest men. The latter care little for your opinions, knowing well they are not followed up by any action, so make the most of their

advantages. The former are disheartened, for they get neither credit for honesty nor the gains of the dishonest, and are often superseded by notoriously dishonest men. Your officers all the land over know of chowkydars and patwaris on five rupees a month, paying a hundred rupees for their appointments; of red-coated chuprassies, retiring as landholders with thousands of rupees to their credit; of police inspectors and tahsildars keeping up establishments costing more than treble their pay, and none of these men are prosecuted. How do you make your appointments? You know as well as I do a man wanting an appointment, either in the English or Vernacular Office, goes to the head clerk or the superintendent and makes a bid. If the sum is adequate, he enlists the sympathy and assistance of one or other of these officials. An application is sent to the district officer strongly backed by his subordinate, then the district officers' servants are got at to intercede indirectly as advocates. These measures rarely fail of success. The man is duly appointed, and forthwith he begins to prey on the suitors and those who daily attend the courts, and levies blackmail to make good what he has had to pay for his friends' intercession

on his behalf to secure him the post. Look at your bailiff (Kurk Ameen) system. Does not the Government know all about this? Well, if they don't, it is not for the want of telling. These men, you know, rob right and left. They get an attachment order, and go off to seize the judgment debtor's property; the latter pays up so as to save keeping the bailiff for days; the bailiff pockets the decree money and reports there was no property to attach! Have not the talukdars petitioned the Government? Have not questions been asked about this matter at the Legislative Council meetings? Have not the people said this work was better done by the Nazarat staff, and to what purpose? None, save an increase in the number of bailiffs. If you acted more, and talked less, matters would sooner be mended."

This is an enlightened native's view of the matter, and who can say it is not a correct view? Still, there are marked signs of progress, and things are, let us hope, not quite as dark as he paints them. There is, as the facts detailed in these pages show, a dark side to the picture, but there is also a bright side. In every province from Peshawar to Mandalay there are, amongst the educated and uneducated

natives, as honest, earnest, philanthropic, disinterested men as any in the world; and we know in the long run what a little leaven can do. I have had means of forming an opinion, and I assert that there is a manifest difference between the official integrity of the better educated native officials of the present day and that of the older school of a generation ago. There were even in older days honourable exceptions amongst the latter, just as there are dishonourable exceptions amongst the former even to-day; but, taking it all round, there is perceptibly an advance on the lines of honesty.

Nowadays each Capital has its University, affiliated to which are colleges, and English high schools, in towns, and in many of the villages there are English middle-class schools. True these might be made more useful if facilities for technical, artistic, and commercial training were fostered, instead of being neglected. Still, the moral tone of such institutions as the Presidency Colleges, the Alyghur College, the Canning College, the Colvin School, the high schools at all centres, and numerous missionary schools in towns, is higher than anything ever experienced under any native régime, and must, in time, tend to good results. As for mission-

ary schools, as educators and social reformers, they have done, and are doing, incalculable good, effecting slowly but surely changes the world little wots of, advancing social reform by the slow, silent processes of individual reformation. The way is long, the task is difficult, but there are plenty of reasons for encouragement.

I daresay we do not always consider the question from the point of view at which my native friend looked at it. We may be in a measure to blame, in a wider sense, at not understanding the character and modes of thought of natives better than we do; but the fault is not entirely on our side. Do they try to understand us? The English character is easier to understand, and far less complex, than that of the Oriental. But this is, as Kipling says, "another story."

I will hark back to my instances of some of the natives' ways of doing justice—ways, which I fear me, are somewhat dark. I quite agree with my friend, we ought to prosecute the dishonest, and promote the honest. I once tried a case that had been committed by a native magistrate, where it was obvious that that official had taken a deal of trouble to let off the real culprits, and commit about the only

one of the three accused who had had nothing to do with the murder. The assessors, very properly, acquitted the unfortunate man who had been sent up for trial, and remarked that the two men who had been released by the magistrate were undoubtedly the culprits. I said: "They are not under trial, are not before us, and have not been heard, so we can say nothing about them; but, of course, they can be rearrested and committed if the record shows a *prima facie* case against them. I wonder why they were not committed along with the present accused." The assessors evidently, I could see by their open, rustic manner, thought me very simple, and said almost with one voice, "They were not committed, sahib, because they were Brahmins"; and so was the native magistrate. The man who was committed was a poor chamar ploughman. Anyhow, we had these Brahmins duly committed; they were found guilty and sentenced. I am not in a position to say whether, in this case, the original *douceur* paid for their release was refunded or not. Probably not; for as the Brahmins were hanged, there was no chance of their telling tales. This magistrate was never detected, and retired a wealthy man. If only

one or two of these rascally magistrates were treated in the same manner that Chief Justice Thorpe was, in the reign of Edward III., and hanged straight away, the evil might be checked. Only last year we had the case of a native judge in the Punjab, who had made a pretty large pile; he knew how to fleece the unfortunate natives from maharajahs downwards, and never so much as made a false step in his lucid judgments.

And later still, we have had the scandal of a native magistrate in the North-Western Provinces. As far as education went, this man was a thick-headed, uneducated mule. I had known him since 1874; and if Government did not know his character and his ways, it was not for the want of being told. You had only to speak to the man for five minutes to see that it was absolutely impossible for him to write himself the judgments attached to his case work; he was not only incompetent, he was a hardened drunkard, and notorious taker of bribes. A somewhat expensive commission inquired into this official's case, with the result that he was found guilty of having his case work done for him, having his judgments written for him, and of bringing a false charge of theft

against his private clerk. The Government accepted this decision, and dismissed the magistrate from the Service. The latter retired into private life with the ill-gotten loot of seventeen years, and—so I have seen in the papers—*a compassionate allowance of* 1,200 *rupees a year!* This man's original appointment was a mistake. His retention in office for seventeen years had done a good deal to discredit the Government. The policy, under the circumstances, of retirement on a compassionate allowance could hardly commend itself to any one; the natives looked on it as placing a premium on dishonesty, amounting almost to weakness. The culprit closed one eye and said "Wah!"

> "So our virtues,
> Lie in the interpretation of the time."

The facility with which false evidence can be procured in India, and the unscrupulousness with which false charges are trumped up, is notorious. Nice men, these magistrates, to sift any kind of charges. I remember at Pertabgurh once a man on oath swore to having seen a landholder murdered; said he had been forced to aid in disposing of the body, which had been buried on the banks of a jhil, or lake. He took the police to the spot, and sure enough they

dug up a skeleton; but unfortunately for the prosecution, the medical testimony certified the skeleton to be that of a female.

In a case at Lucknow, some years ago, two men were tried and convicted of murder on evidence that appeared genuine—evidence that could not be shaken on cross-examination. The judge refused to pass sentence of death on the accused, because the body of the murdered man was not forthcoming; it was alleged to have been thrown into the Ganges by the murderers. The accused were sentenced to transportation for life. About twelve months afterwards the supposed murdered man turned up. He had left home and taken service in Burmah, and had just returned on leave.

I mention these two cases out of many, because Sir William Rattigan, in the *New Century Review*, has described two cases he came across in his practice in the Punjab, almost identically the same kind of perjury. So you see the instances I have selected are by no means unique or uncommon. These and similar fabrications are common daily all over the land. A large portion of the criminal work is performed by native magistrates; and the better class of these magistrates, those who have come in of later

years, apparently suffer from disqualifications common to the race from which they are taken. They are less impartial, more timid of responsibility, more susceptible to extraneous influences, such as the vernacular Press and the native Bar, and more nervously afraid of European barristers than are European officers; more sensitive in having their cases upset on appeal; and, instead of acting independently, try to work up to the trend of what they think the bent of their appellate judge; hence, instead of helping the police they hinder them, and if they possibly can, they acquit; because, to begin with, it is so much easier to acquit than to go to the bottom of a case and convict, and because there is much less chance, under the former circumstances, of their work coming under the eyes of the higher courts. *Native magistrates we must have.* We have promised the people a share in their own Government, and have, for nearly half a century, educated them towards this end. Right, justice, and financial considerations all demand the continuation of this policy; but I do think greater strictness and caution should be observed in the first appointments to the lower posts of the magistracy, and more supervision exercised over the progress and work of

subordinate magistrates. More heed should be paid by Government to the reports of their district officers as to a magistrate's work, character, and fitness, and more assistance should be given than is rendered at present in weeding out black sheep. No promotion should be made to a higher grade unless a man bears a character for honesty, zeal, and efficiency; and anything like proved corruption should be uncompromisingly punished by forfeiture of appointment. We owe this much to the public, the magistrates themselves deserve nothing less. What we ought to strive for is to save our name from being tarnished by the misconduct of unworthy agents, by carefully selecting as good material as possible to do the necessary work; for, in the long run, the work is that of those who actually do it, and not of the over-worked heads who supervise the doing.

Chapter XVIII

SOME LUCKNOW FORGERIES

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."
St. Paul.

ONE day, about 11 o'clock, just after I had reached office, the head clerk came to me with a release warrant, received that morning by post from the Central Jail, and said nothing was known about this release order in the office. It was evident that this release warrant was a forgery. The magistrate's and the clerk of Courts' signatures had been admirably forged, and the imitation of the Court seal was good enough to have deceived any ordinary observer. The prisoner who had thus got out of jail was one Charles Williams, a half-caste. Williams was re-arrested the same night, having only enjoyed two days' liberty. No information could be obtained from him; he pretended to be exceedingly astonished on hearing that the warrant for his

release was a forgery. From inquiries made, suspicion fell on one Maitra, a fellow-prisoner, undergoing imprisonment for forgery. What was Maitra's motive for getting Williams out of jail? How could he, in jail, have procured means to carry such a project into execution? and how could he have got the papers out of jail and posted to the superintendent? These were some of the problems which required solution. Maitra, it was ascertained, had been employed as head pressman in the jail press, where he had the means of obtaining pen, ink, and paper, and was engaged in the printing of release warrant forms, as well as other forms. Maitra was, it appears, a friend of the jail ticket clerk, and on the latter's house being searched, amongst other papers were found letters from Maitra to his lady-love. So there was a tinge of romance in this crime, the universal "she" being involved as usual. Subsequent inquiry showed that Maitra had just completed his substantive term of imprisonment, and had six months more to serve in default of payment of fine; he was anxious to get his fine paid, and get out of jail at once to his loved one. Williams was a nephew of Maitra's mistress, and he made out there was

a rich Begum in love with him, who would willingly pay up Maitra's fine if only he (Williams) could get at his Begum to persuade her. As soon as Williams was free, he sent word to Maitra that the Begum was dead! When arrested, Williams turned Queen's evidence, and told all, in hopes of a pardon: how Maitra obtained the warrant-form, made the counterfeit Court seal, and forged the authorities' signatures. Maitra, finding himself in for another bout of jail, made the following voluntary confession:—

"In June, 1868, when in Bombay with the 3rd Punjab Muleteer Corps, after its return from Abyssinia, I made the acquaintance of a young woman, a European, disguised as a Mahomedan. She told me that she had been carried off from Delhi during the Mutiny by a native merchant, and had finally been abandoned at Bombay. She told me her real name was Wilhelmina Rose. In September, 1868, when my regiment was ordered to Mooltan, this woman accompanied me: we went by steamer to Kurrachee, and by flotilla from thence to Mooltan. At Mooltan the corps was disbanded. I then went to Lahore, and obtained employment in the D.P.W. Controller's

Office in March, 1869. We remained at Lahore until July, 1869, when I resigned my appointment, and we found our way back to Bombay. At Bombay we put up at the Byculla Hotel; we lived upstairs, and occupied two rooms. Suspecting Wilhelmina of infidelity, I watched her, and one day caught her with a visitor. A fit of jealousy seized me, and I determined to get rid of her. One evening, when sitting in our room as usual, about 9 p.m., drinking some brandy and water, I poisoned her. I mixed 1 drachm of *aqua lauro-cerasi* and 10 to 15 grains of strychnine with her cup, and this I gave her to drink in a tumbler one-third full of brandy and water. Nothing suspecting, she drank the brandy and water at one draught, and immediately retired to bed. I made myself drunk and lay down, and slept on the sofa in the sitting-room. The next morning I found the woman dead. I went to the market and purchased a large wooden chest, made of mango wood, for five rupees. This I brought back on the top of a gharry to the hotel, and had it taken up to my sitting-room. When I was alone I placed the woman's body in this chest and fastened down the box. I then went to breakfast, and had the box re-

placed on the gharry. After breakfast I drove to the Boree Bunder, hired a boat, and was rowed out of the harbour. Four native boatmen rowed the boat. I bribed the boatmen with twenty-five rupees each—100 the four—threw the chest into the sea, returned to the hotel, sold off all Wilhelmina's things in the market, and left for Calcutta by a boat of the British India Steam Navigation Company. This was in the month of September, 1869. I make this confession so as to rid my conscience of a crime that has haunted me since the day I committed it."

It did not follow as a matter of course that Maitra had done all he said. He already expected transportation for life for various little matters in which he had been engaged. He would hardly fear hanging on account of a murder committed a long time ago, and made the subject of a spontaneous confession; but, as a very ingenious young person, he evidently calculated that if he were sent to Bombay to be tried for murder, something might turn up to give him a chance of escape. The Bombay authorities and Maitra's old commanding officer were communicated with. The former could not obtain the smallest confirmation of any of

the facts spoken of by Maitra; the latter wrote me that Maitra was an incorrigible thief, and that his present trumped-up story about the Bombay murder showed him to be an incorrigible liar as well. Maitra, though young in years, was old in villainy. When about fourteen years old, he ran away from his father's house at Lahore, and enlisted as a muleteer in the levy then on its way to Abyssinia. During the short time he was with the Muleteer Corps, he was constantly punished for thieving. On his way from Kurrachee to Mooltan, he robbed Captain Basevi, R.A., of some eighty rupees. Shortly after his arrival at Mooltan he deserted, carrying off stolen property. On his return from Lahore, in the beginning of 1869, he was employed in the Controller's Office as an accountant. Within a few weeks he was reduced for neglect of duty, whereupon he took French leave, and went off to seek fresh fields and pastures new. He was next heard of as a standing member of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Calcutta, and freely admitted to the "love feasts" of that communion. Having received letters of commendation from the American Mission in

Calcutta, he came to Lucknow, where he forged Mr. Conningham's name for 1,100 rupees, for which little mental aberration he was undergoing three-and-a-half-years' imprisonment, when he committed the daring and partially successful forgery herein related, which gained him no little notoriety. Under all these circumstances, I think we are justified in expecting to hear more of this young man, if he lives to come out of jail.

I remember another and far more deeply laid forgery, one that cost the Government a loss of thousands of rupees, and was not detected for nearly twenty years. One morning a police Inspector from Calcutta turned up at my bungalow in Lucknow, and produced two Government Court fee stamps of 100 rupees value each, which he said were forgeries. A man had brought these to the Collector's office at Calcutta to try and get their value in cash; his story was he had won them from a stranger at cards. Suspecting something wrong, the man was told to call for his money the next day. In the meantime the stamps were sent to the Commissioner of Stamps, who pronounced them to be forgeries. On his appearance the next day, the presenter of these

forged stamps was arrested, but was able to point out, and prove the identity of, the man who had passed them on to him for a gambling debt. This last individual was a resident of Lucknow; he was detained in custody at Calcutta, and the police Inspector in question deputed to make inquiries in Lucknow. I took the Inspector with me to the different courts and offices in Lucknow, and in the course of that and the following day we discovered some three lacs' worth of forged 100 rupee Court fee labels on the files in the record rooms of the different courts and offices. Here was a state of things! and apparently these forgeries had been regularly passed off on the public through the Government Stamp Department for some twenty years.

I will first describe how Government stamps were procured and sold. The Collector of the district indents for all his requirements of stamps on the Commissioner of Stamps in Calcutta. The packets of stamps on being received are counted by the Treasury officer, entered in the stamp registers, and placed for safe custody in a strong room under double lock. As stamps are required for sale to the public, they are indented for by the treasurer,

counted and given out by the Treasury officer; a daily record of sales is kept, which is at the close of every day tested by the Treasury officer. Once a month these registers are examined by the Collector of the district, and the stamps in stock counted by him. No stamp of a higher value than ten rupees is sold except at the Government Treasury. So that there can be no collusion; a man who wants, say, a 100 rupee stamp pays the money into the Treasury Office, obtains a receipt for the amount, and gets an order on the treasurer's assistant in another part of the building to supply him with stamps to the value of the amount paid into the Treasury Office.

It was quite evident that some of the Government Treasury officials must have been partners in this fraud. It is needless to go into details of the lengthened inquiry into this case; it will be sufficient to give the result. It was found that one Hossein Bux was the forger. He made and supplied the stamps to the treasurer's assistant. The latter, when a 100 rupee stamp was wanted, gave a forged 100 rupee stamp, and sometimes, when a 200 rupee stamp was required, gave two forged 100 rupee stamps,

and a certificate to say he had no single stamp of 200 rupees value. Naturally the question arises: But as the buyer had already paid the full amount into the Treasury, how did the assistant treasurer recoup himself for the forged stamps? He did so by taking from his store of stamps small value stamps of 8 annas and 1 rupee, to the amount of the forged stamps sold, and entering in his sale register the number of small value stamps taken for this purpose; so that his accounts tallied with the stamps given out to him by the Treasury officer, the values entered as sold, and the balance in hand. The smaller value stamps so extracted he sold to stamp vendors at 5 per cent. discount, thus doing a roaring trade; he and the forger, Hossein Bux, dividing the 95 per cent. between themselves. They had a whole gang of confederates amongst the stamp vendors in Lucknow, Allahabad, Benares, Bareilly, and half over the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, and the man who paid a gambling debt with the forged stamp in Calcutta was a confederate, trying to open out a market for the conspirators in Bengal. Ultimately the forger, Hossein Bux, confessed all, and sat down in my verandah and forged a stamp for me, which I sent to the

Financial Department of the Government of India at Simla.

The process was simple in the extreme, the tools used for the purpose primitive. On a large pane of glass the forger pasted the original stamp; over this he placed a sheet of tracing paper, and copied in the Queen's head, figuring, and beading device; he then cut off the tracing and wetted the back of the paper, and scratched in the water-mark, with an ordinary native nail-scraper, or instrument used by barbers for paring nails, called *nakhungiri*. This done, he made the colouring material from ordinary bazaar ingredients, and finished off the stamp by brushing liquid gum over the back with a camel's-hair brush. *Black* was produced by mixing shisham charcoal with lamp-black and varnish; *green* consisted of indigo and yellow orpiment (hartal) ground, and mixed in varnish; *blue* was ordinary indigo mixed with varnish; *yellow*, the yellow orpiment (hartal) mixed in varnish. Varnish was used as the solvent in preparing all the colours, and to give them firmness and gloss. The lamp-black was prepared by burning oil.

One morning, when the forger was at work, I introduced the Government Commissioner of

Stamps to him. He looked at the Government official, and said, "What do they pay you?" The Commissioner replied, "Two thousand rupees a month." "Two thousand rupees a month," said Hossein Bux, "and you don't know a forged stamp when you see it! If they will give me 200 rupees a month, I'll do your work for them, and point out every forged stamp in the country, and tell them how the forgery was done." A sporting offer, and no mistake; but the offer was not accepted.

Hossein Bux told me he had been brought up to this business from the age of twelve. First apprenticed to a watchmaker to learn mechanism, next working as a photographer's assistant to learn all about chemicals, and how to take photographs of deeds, seals, etc., he was called on to forge. Later on, under an Italian artist at the King of Oudh's Court, he learnt all about mixing colours, and finally, taking advantage of his training in all these Departments, he had set up on his own account, and thriven on the fat of the land as a forger for some twenty years. I was fortunate enough to net some eighteen of this gang, get them committed to the Court of Sessions, where they were one and all convicted and met their deserts.

For twenty years they had been doing a thriving business; but the time came to them, as it comes to all, to realize that—

> "Though the mills of God grind slowly,
> They grind exceeding small."

They had sown forgeries, and they reaped the treadmill.

Chapter XIX

RECREATION

"Full forty years have flown, and yet I often dream
Of merry days in the Christmas Camp by Gogra's sacred stream;
The bustle and stir in the grey dawn, the tiger beats' goodly array,
The jovial feast in the evening, which crowned an eventful day."

IT needs some months of bare, whitewashed walls, a close, stifling office room, with the air laden all day long with dismal tales of wrong, the monotonous mumbling of a toothless munshi, droning to the accompaniment of a creaking punkah, pulled by a sleepy coolie, to properly appreciate a holiday. If you are near enough to take your holiday in the forests of Gonda, Bahraich, or Kheri, better do so than go to a hill station. For at the latter you encounter secretaries, red-coated chuprassies with office boxes, "Mrs. Hauksbee," "Mrs. Reiver," "Mrs. Lollipop, the joy of wild asses," and

perhaps a stray "globe-trotter"; whereas in the forest you are far from the tumult of the outer world and the strife of tongues; you wander amongst wooded hills, past trickling rills, and through sunny glades alive with butterflies and mango birds; you hear soft breezes sighing through tangled boughs, and revel amid luxurious ferns amongst the thick undergrowth; which is far better for fevered brow and weary mind weighed down with numbing toil. After twenty months of such toil I took ten days' "casual leave"; could not afford more, as I was on "thirty-three-months'-office-treadmill-straight-on-end," qualifying for three months' privilege leave home. I meant enjoying this short respite in ease, in the adjoining forest, near where the Kuriala leaves the hills. As I was preparing to start, the morning dak arrived, and I thought I'd just skim over the contents. The first envelope I opened contained a petition from a clerk, dismissed for peculation, asking, "What for I done, you turn me out into wide, wide world, breadless and butterless." Charming that "breadless *and butterless*"! The next was a letter from Government calling for a report "as to whether mosquitoes migrated from Sierra Leone during the hot weather," and wanting

an opinion "as to the channel through which the malaria parasite finds its access into the blood." This was enough—I opened no more covers. Like Mr. Forward of Whiteley's, the night before a Bank Holiday, when he has served his last customer, I called out "Sign" to my assistant, who was undertaking my duties during my brief absence. He was a smooth-faced, pink-cheeked prodigy of three hot weathers in India and some nineteen summers at home; the type of young man who knows everything and is equal to teach anybody anything. I once heard him inculcating an old American lady missionary with his views as to the line to be taken to work up the heathen to a higher level. Though somewhat unorthodox, his ideas certainly had the charm of novelty. All the old lady said was, "Well, young man, I guess you'll know less as you grow older!" So in the matter of mosquitoes and their haunts and ways I meant him to go to work while he knew everything, and before the Secretariat claimed him. Even if he could obtain no facts, I could trust him to form a theory as to the flight of the "*Anopheles culicidæ*" (as he called them) across the briny ocean; putting up at Meteorological Observatory stations for a rest and a bite, until

they reached the Indian swamp, and commenced in earnest on the naked pagan whose only protection against their ravages was a loin-cloth; a theory likely to be far more interesting than anything facts could ever supply. As to the latter part of the query, about the parasite's pathway through cuticles to blood, I suggested that he might sleep out on the banks of a swamp for a week, without mosquito curtains, and then come in and be looked over by the Civil surgeon with a microscope in the Dispensary dissecting-room, and afterwards have himself sprinkled over with a solution of quinine. As he was a young man with no sense of humour, and took life and himself seriously, he went off to his labours with as great glee as I went off on my holiday tour. The joy to have left behind the voluble vakils, the droning munshi, the monotonous cry of "Nubby Bux Hazr-hai," the hourly clang of the cracked police gong, and the shrill screeching of the brain-fever bird. The joy of a night under canvas in a forest cutting, beneath a clear, starry sky, where the near bark of a cheetal or the distant call of a sambur fell faintly on one's drowsy ear.

The awakening next morning from such refreshing sleep as a charpoy in the forest affords;

the plunge into the calm waters of the snow-fed mountain stream, and an appetite for breakfast unknown for many a long day; the pipe after breakfast, as one sits on an upturned bucket watching the horses being groomed; the ramble through the woods after jungle fowl; the sudden coming on the broad river where the only living thing in view was a huge alligator basking in the mid-day sun on the edge of a sandbank, all around "as silent as the water's voiceless flow"; and in the distance against the sky the lofty peaks of the Snowy Range! The peace, the charm, the spell of such a scene cannot be portrayed in words. Wandering homeward, as I crossed a murmuring stream and came out on a rising glade, on a projecting woodland knoll, under a solitary bhur tree, I came upon the ruins of a rude jungle shrine, which sent one's thoughts back to far-off times, when the rude Tanganoi, before the Rajput inroad or the Islamic conquest, were in these parts, rearing stout little Tanghan ponies. Did they build this shrine? or was it the tribute of some Mongolian Tharus of later date to their jungle goddess, as with axe and sword they cleared these jungle haunts? Who can tell—

"Whose were the hands that toiled this pile to raise
Of rough-hewn stone in long-forgotten days:
To what wild music sung, in what strange tongue,
The forest folk their uncouth idols praise?"

As the shadows began to lengthen and the sun dipped down behind the distant range of snows, I roamed campward through the ever-darkening wood. As I smoked my pipe after dinner, watching the camp fires here and there about the precincts of the camp, I felt that it was selfish to enjoy these delights alone. I also felt it would be too rude a shock to drop clean away back into the outer, work-a-day world from this draught of the exquisite beauties of surrounding nature. So I wrote off and asked Capper and Stuart of the East Lancashires, then stationed at Sitapur, to come and share my forest joys, and have a shoot; and, remembering the catastrophe at Sohelwa, thought it prudent to invite the Civil surgeon to make one of our party for the inside of a week.

They came. Grunting Kahars, armed with evil-smelling torches, carried them in palkis across vast plains of sand to the Chowkha's banks, and thence through swamp and forest they rode on elephants. They arrived in camp in misty dawn, fairly numb with cold; but a

blazing log fire and some hot coffee soon revived them. A bath, then breakfast, and we were in our howdahs and off, little dreaming of the surprise the kind Fates had in store for us.

"Inshalla!" the Fates are kind at times! The order of the day was to shoot at everything that got up. We first beat over some neighbouring low Kadir jungle for gond—got a couple. About noon, after crossing a maidan, where some small herd boys were tending buffaloes, we came to a long piece of low, swampy grass, about two miles in length by two hundred yards broad, running right away to the main block of forest. We had seventeen elephants in line.

For a mile we plodded slowly along our oozy way, shooting pea fowl, swamp partridge, parah and pig, shouting to each other, and every few minutes shedding a native from the howdah-back, to pick up the game,—when all of a sudden a large tiger, who had been taking his mid-day siesta after a gorge of pig, and had slept soundly through all the approaching din, sprang up, and with a loud roar charged through the line. He had made a "drowsy" mistake, for the line cut him off from the forest behind, and before him, beyond the grass we had come through, was only high, open ground, and no

cover to speak of. Wheeling the line right about, we followed him up as fast as we could. Firing a volley into the moving grass some thirty yards ahead, a chance shot planted a smooth 12-bore bullet into the tiger's spine. His rage as he roared and tore up the ground with his teeth was a sight to behold. We bagged him and padded him, and started back to camp, which we reached just before nightfall.

After a pleasant day, we spent a pleasant evening, relating tales of bygone exploits. Capper's theme was the delights of the best and fastest of polo games; the virtues of his two ponies, Gibraltar Kitten and Cyprus Rat; and a polo helmet he was going to patent and call "Bob's Bahadur." Stuart, who was qualifying for a gymnasium instructor, thought that to form the apex of a human triangle of "Tommies" on a barrack table was the next most exciting situation to tiger-shooting.

Then the Doctor spoke. He said: "Look here, you chaps; here was a hand I had dealt me at piquet the other night. Queen, knave, ten of spades. Queen, knave, ten of hearts. King, queen, knave of clubs, and ace, king of diamonds. I was elder hand. Now what would have been your discard?" We got out

a pack of cards, placed the cards on a teapoy, and studied the hand by the light of a hurricane lamp. Our unanimous discard was knave and ten of hearts, knave of clubs, and king and ten of diamonds.

"Not a bit of it," he replied. "I discarded king and knave of clubs, and ace, king, ten of diamonds, and drew in ace and king of spades, ace and king of hearts and ten of clubs, and scored 154." We sighed with envy, and said, "But how did you know what you were going to draw in?" "Ah," he said, "it's a wicked world. This was the last hand in the game, and my last chance of saving my rubicon. One had to make a bid—that's where the brilliant player comes in!" We put away the cards, sent away the lantern, and didn't offer to play him piquet at rupee points, or any other points.

My own humble reminiscences went back to when I was quartered at Cawnpore in 1859 with the 1st Dumpies, of "Our Bobbery pack!" consisting of dogs, belonging to the officers and men of the Regiment, with which we hunted the wily jackal. Of our "Tent Club" doings, over the pig jungle at Tannah on the opposite side of the Ganges, in the Unao district, where for

miles the low-lying Kadir country was covered with patches of grass and thorn jungle. The river was crossed, in those days, by a bridge of boats just above the ghat where the Nana treacherously assassinated Wheeler's garrison, and within sight of the ruins of the "slaughter house" where the unfortunate women and children were cruelly done to death.

My tales were evidently being swallowed with many grains of salt; so I rubbed it in, that a good burst across country, over rat holes, blind wells, hidden banks, and invisible watercourses, with, at the end, a spear thrust into a charging boar, was, as are the Eternal Snows to the snow on a lodging-house doorstep, as pigsticking is to the shooting a skulking tiger from a howdah. Still my audience bore me no malice, only asked for another pull at the hot grog.

We spent a very enjoyable week after partridge, hare, snipe, duck, cheetal, and gond, until the time came for our return, when we did thirty miles after dinner on pad elephants to catch the 6 a.m. train at Kheri. A ride to be remembered—our mahôuts hadn't bathed or changed their linen for about a month, had driven during the day, and slept at night in the same garments for over a week. A mahôut,

in these conditions, is not a savoury morsel to sit behind in a head wind; he can give an ordinary Mahomedan a dead rat in his pocket, and win in a canter. Fortunately the frosty air somewhat froze the scent—a scent that Piesse & Lubin could not possibly procure any sale for, however well advertised; an odour mixture fit only for killing beetles in your larder, and even then the public would probably prefer the beetles to the cure. This was not all we had to suffer. The cold had given some of the mahôuts chest splutterings, which when freely indulged in reminded one of the sounds one hears amongst the passengers of a Channel steamer on a rough crossing. But it came to an end at last—this evil-smelling, throat-choking ride—and our recreation days were over and past—

"As a camp that is struck, as a
Tent that is gathered and gone
From the sands that were lamplit at eve,
And at morning are level and lone."

Chapter XX

THE DUMPY MUTINY AT ALLAHABAD

"The Cottage is sure to suffer for every error of the Court, the Cabinet, or the Camp."—*Cotton.*

ON the principle that sometimes "the first is last, and the last first," this, really the first of my Indian experiences, comes last, because the other chapters all deal, more or less, with a different subject, so the "Dumpies" had to wait.

It was the end of 1858, a batch of "griffs"—that is, youngsters of about seventeen years of age—had just landed in Calcutta from the P. & O. steamer *Bengal*; they were located temporarily with friends and relations in and about Chowringhee, until posted and sent off to Regiments up-country. One of them had been that morning to the Fort Adjutant at Fort William to find out our several destinations. Got up in bright new uniform of light-blue

and silver, he was ushered into the busy Fort Adjutant's room. "Oh, yes, Mr. Shakespeare," said that functionary; "just arrived by the *Bengal*, I presume? Had a good voyage? You want to know where you are posted? Well, the two Bengal Cavalry subalterns by this mail proceed at once to Allahabad, to the 1st European Bengal Light Cavalry. Here are your passes. You can get as far as Ranigunge by rail, after that you travel by dak." This was more or less Hebrew to Shakespeare; he grasped how he was to get to Ranigunge, but it was some 500 miles from there to Allahabad, and he hadn't the remotest idea what kind of an animal a "dak" was—had never heard of one. So he began to stammer something about "how he was to get on from Ranigunge?" The Fort Adjutant, who was busy, said curtly, "Good-morning, sir." "I beg your pardon, sir," said Shakespeare, "but how am I to proceed from Ranigunge?" "I've told you, sir, already," said the Adjutant; "lay a dak." Shakespeare, looking at him with mouth and eyes wide open, replied: "Lay a dak! You might as well tell me to lay an egg! What is a dak?" This was too much for the Adjutant, who, in roars of laughter,

turned him out and said, "Go and ask your grandmother."

Shakespeare returned with the orders and passes and somewhat of a worried look. But with the aid of relations, friends, and advisers, letters were written to the magistrate at Ranigunge, and a "dak" duly laid. We started together, Shakespeare and I, reaching Ranigunge early one winter morning. Here we put up in a small whitewashed room, had a bath, which consisted of sitting on a board and getting a bhisti to souse us with water from his "mashak," breakfasted off a spatchcock murghi, a tough old cock that had been hunted round the compound and caught for cooking just after our arrival; he was all spurs and sinews, and about as toothsome as a piece of dry wood. At 4 p.m. the dak arrived.

Ah, the first experience of the "dak" we had been told to "lay"! Railways now have pretty well superseded that mode of travelling, but at what loss of experience to the Western traveller! The said "dak" consisted of (1) a kind of horse-box with sliding doors, with a ledge in front for drinks, baccy pouches, and commissariat supplies—a network kind of "sponge bag" hanging from the ceiling for

odds and ends—a dirty wool-filled mattress laid across the inside. On this mattress we placed our pillows and rugs, and made up a kind of bed. (2) Two ill-fed ponies, dotted about with bursatee marks and tied up with rotten country harness, rusty buckles, and pieces of rope and string, bred apparently to do their level best to avoid the purpose for which they were created. (3) A Jehu with one eye, a blanket and a horn, and a lean-looking coolie for syce, full dressed in a waist-cloth. The harnessing of these ponies to the dak-gharry was an acquired art. This accomplished, the Jehu took his seat, the syce dragged at the ponies' mouths, the dak bungalow servants shoved at the wheels, the Jehu blew his horn, all the natives shouted, the ponies turned round and looked into the gharry! No, we were not off yet, not for some time; but once we started to the sounds of whacks, horn-blowing, and shouts, we went for some six or seven miles headlong, as though it were the Derby. Then a change of ponies, and so on, with intervals of racing speed, post-horn, sullen obstructiveness, and jibbings on the ponies' side, good, round, native abuse and persuasive whacks on the Jehu's side.

It was a case of about eighty miles a day, with an occasional stop now and again owing to the axles getting heated, and a pull up at the first roadside village to pour garrahs of water over said axles, a halt for some hours at a roadside bungalow, the same kind of dry old fowl for every meal, and the same old smoked buffalo milk with our tea. On the fourth day we caught up a traveller who was going north and had started from Ranigunge some twelve hours before us. Our dak-gharries for this stage arrived about the same time; the stranger was ready to start, we were not, so we let him go ahead. It's a funny world—one in which it is as well to be sometimes a bit late. That night the stranger, as he was approaching the Soan River, ran against a roving band of mutineers, was pulled out of his gharry, and had his throat cut. Some hours later, as we arrived at the same spot, we found the road patrolled by some of the 77th, who were encamped on the further bank of the Soan, who kindly took us children under their protection, and would not let us proceed on to Benares until the road was proclaimed all safe for travellers. Very nice and kind they were to us, and initiated us into

mysteries which had no place in our nursery or school experiences.

Our journey to Allahabad was safely concluded, and we were at once put into the riding-school of the "1st Dumpies," as they were called. We had found the cushions of the dak-gharry pretty hard, but they were nothing to the bare back of a raw waler. The Regular *Native* Cavalry Regiments had mutinied, and had shot down a fair number of their officers while at mess, or at church, or otherwise engaged. In their places five European Bengal Cavalry Regiments were being raised, officered by the remnant of the ten old Bengal Cavalry Regiments' officers. The Crown had taken over India from the East India Company a few weeks previously. As some of the Line Cavalry Regiments returned to England, volunteers from these Regiments joined the European Bengal Cavalry Regiments. I remember being twice sent to take over such volunteers. Once we got about 120 men from the 9th Lancers, and at another time 80 men from a Hussar Regiment. On arrival in camp, these men were marched up to the paymaster's tent, and received the gratuity for volunteering to remain in India. The same kind of thing was going

on in the old Bengal Fusilier Regiments. Then the Dumpies and Bengal Fusilier Regiments got talking, and said, "Why shouldn't we get bounties for being turned over to Queen's from Company's Regiments?" Very natural, surely. Men used to say to me, "This ain't fair; why are we turned over like a flock of sheep? Let's have something to drink the Queen's health in." Again, surely, a very proper sentiment. But the authorities got their backs up, and said it was rank mutiny. At first the men sulked, then they broke out in barracks, and tried to break into the canteen.

One night, as we were sitting at mess at Papamhow, an orderly came galloping up, and reported that the men had broken out in barracks, had armed themselves with their carbines, and were trying to break into the canteen. We were all ordered down to the barracks, and slept that night in the open, on the road-side, under the trees, after having put a cordon of other troops in garrison, round the barracks. The next morning the men quieted down, but utterly refused to attend stables, or do any duty. Of course, very childish and very wrong of them; but they felt they had a genuine grievance, that Government was snubbing them,

and this is how they showed their resentment. The men told me over and over again: "We want our rights; them covès as come to us got their bounty; give us 5 rupees or 10 rupees each, a dinner and a drink, *something* to show we 'ave been turned over from Company's to Queen's. God bless Her Majesty, we'd die for her; only let's know we are her'n." This was their refrain. I didn't know then, and I'm blessed if I know now, why the men's reasonable demands were not met in a fair spirit. Sir John Inglis, commanding at Cawnpore, came down to Allahabad, had out all the troops and the 1st Bengal European Light Cavalry, and 4th Bengal European Infantry, and roundly rated these last two regiments; but the men stuck to their guns, and refused to do "stables" or duty, and said Government might shoot them, or blow them away from the cannon's mouth, if they chose. The 1st Bengal Light Cavalry were marched off to Cawnpore in a blazing June, and located in some old mud-built thatch-roofed kind of stables, so as to separate them from the 4th Bengal Infantry left at Allahabad. The action of the authorities, instead of allaying, fomented a mutinous spirit. Lord Clyde left, Sir Hugh Rose suc-

ceeded. He said the first case of mutinous conduct reported to him should be court-martialled; and if found guilty, the culprit should be shot straight away. He kept his word.

An unfortunate youth, of some nineteen summers, by name Jackson, at Burhampur, in one of the Bengal Fusilier Regiments, was impertinent to a lance-corporal, when told to arrest and take a comrade to the cells; he was reported, tried, found guilty, and shot. But they couldn't shoot the whole of the Cavalry and Infantry Regiments, and so they disbanded them. The 1st Bengal Cavalry were sent down by river from Cawnpore to Chinsurah. Before being sent off, they were drawn up on parade, and harangued, and told that none of them would ever be enlisted again, or allowed to serve Her Majesty. This threat was as idle as the previous action had been suicidal. The men did not believe it; they knew that in the main they were in the right as regarded principle, though doubtless wrong as regarded practice; but they were Englishmen, and they were not going to be snubbed and sat on. They were *not disloyal*; they were willing to fight and die for their Queen—many of them have done so since.

It was a somewhat fateful journey from Allahabad to Chinsurah by river. We started, 500 rank and file, and 6 officers, by rail to Cawnpore, where we were shipped; the men on a large "flat," the officers on a small steamer. Cholera had been raging at Cawnpore. When we started, the men had a clean bill of health, but some of them had the disease latent, quietly germinating. We left Cawnpore about noon; that same afternoon some six or seven men were brought on to deck on the flat, in the grip of the "real thing," and no mistake. I was on duty that afternoon. Caird, the surgeon, and I, sat by the poor chaps; all we could do was to moisten their lips and rub their limbs. All six were dead by midnight, and other men had been brought up on deck, suffering from choleraic symptoms. Chapman, the adjutant, and I, with a fatigue party took the dead men, sewn up in their saleetas, and buried them on the Ganges banks, Chapman reading the funeral service by the light of a flickering lantern. The stars were shining overhead in a clear sky, the river rushing past, with here and there the distant splashing sound of sand-banks falling; jackals howling all around; the steamer and flat lying anchored in the stream;

a young moon's rays falling now and again, as the thick clouds swept by, on the silent water's voiceless flow; the plainly-expressed sentiments of the fatigue party, in "Tommy's" expressive language, and six dead comrades wrapped in their last sleep at our feet: it was a weird experience.

Next day we landed at Benares some twenty-five men more or less ill with choleraic symptoms, sent them up to the hospital, and went on our way. Cholera is a puzzler—jumping and skipping about without any apparent reason; down this side of a row of barracks, leaving the other side untouched; echeloning across the road, taking this troop, and leaving that, and so on. After we left Benares, we never had another single case. We were at Chinsurah about a month, and were then sent down to Calcutta to be sent home on two sailing ships *viâ* the Cape. The China war had just broken out. The General Commanding at Calcutta came on board our transports, and offered any men who would volunteer for China a gratuity, and engagement for the period the war lasted; after which they would obtain a free passage home. Who said they should never serve Her Majesty again? The

men would have none of this offer; it only strengthened their case. They respectfully said they had been disbanded because they stuck out for what they considered fair. Well, they would go home, and after a holiday enlist again. Three-fourths of these men were re-enlisted in the Thames and the Mersey before ever they landed; got their passage home, got their bounty, and got re-engaged. Who said never no more should they serve Her Majesty? What did this little folly cost the nation? The men would have been quite content, if in January, 1859, they had been paid in India the bounty paid them about May the following year in England. This would have saved the hiring a number of ships to bring them to England, and giving them there what they were ready to accept in India. It would have saved Jackson's mother a breadwinner; for the youth, who was shot at the age of nineteen, used to remit a portion of his monthly pay for his mother's support. There was a grievous mistake somewhere. You may have volumes of Blue Books explaining it was all right, but these are the simple facts. Most of those who were responsible for this mistake are dead and gone; and, perhaps, explaining to Jackson &

Co., there, what no one can understand the reason for here. They understand Tommy Atkins better nowadays, thanks in no small measure to Rudyard Kipling; understanding him better, they treat him more as a reasonable being, and Tommy responds like a man and a brother. He don't shirk hard work, and he don't mind hard words, he says,—

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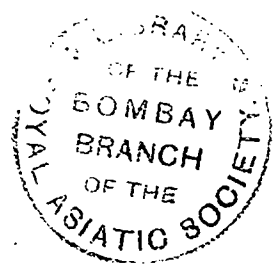

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